Miss L A Allen

DECEMBER. 1858.

LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR & VIRGINIA. F. TOWNSEND.

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MAN FROM FIRST TO LAST REQUIRES ASSISTANCE.

HOME MAGAZINE DEC. 1858.

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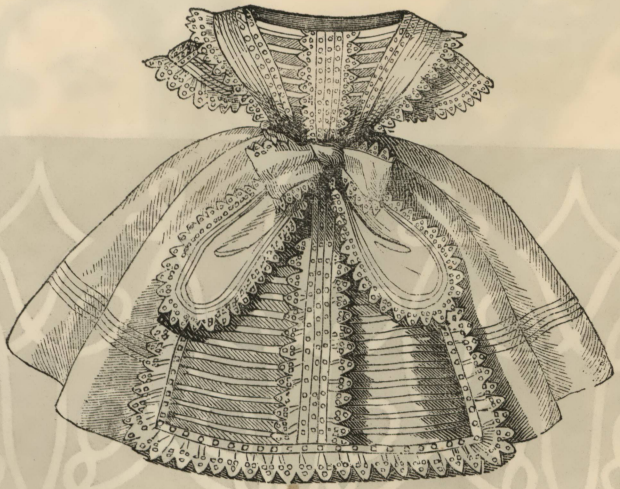


No. 2.

SLIPPER PATTERN.

BRAIDING PATTERN FOR APRON.

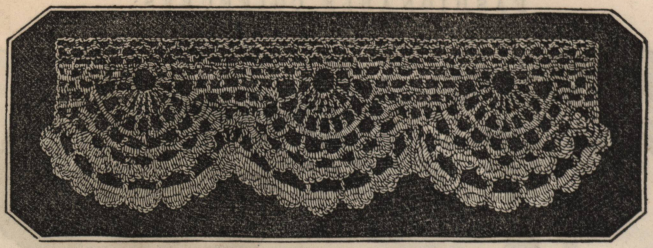
FASHIONABLE COIFFURES:

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.



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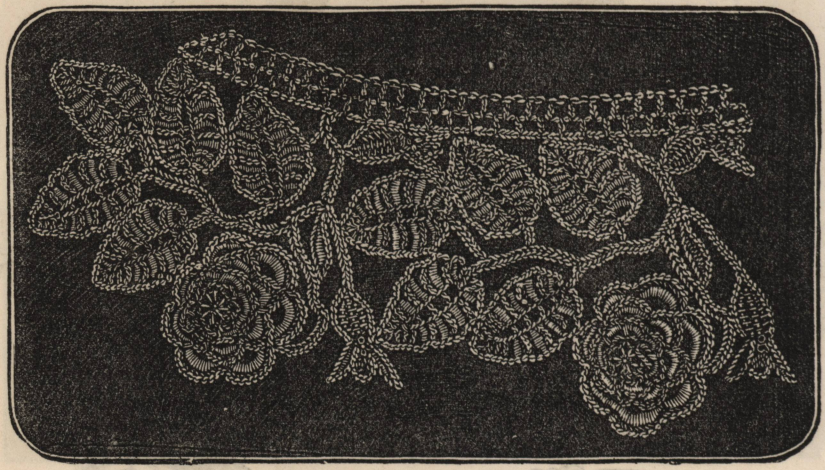

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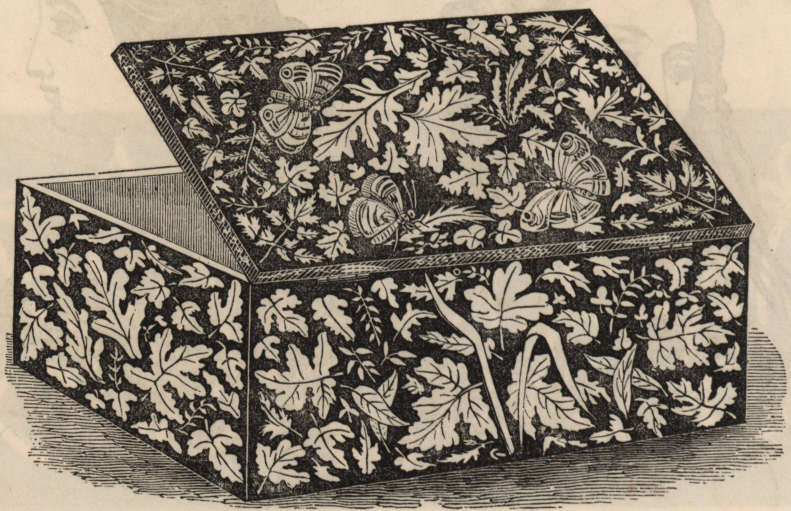

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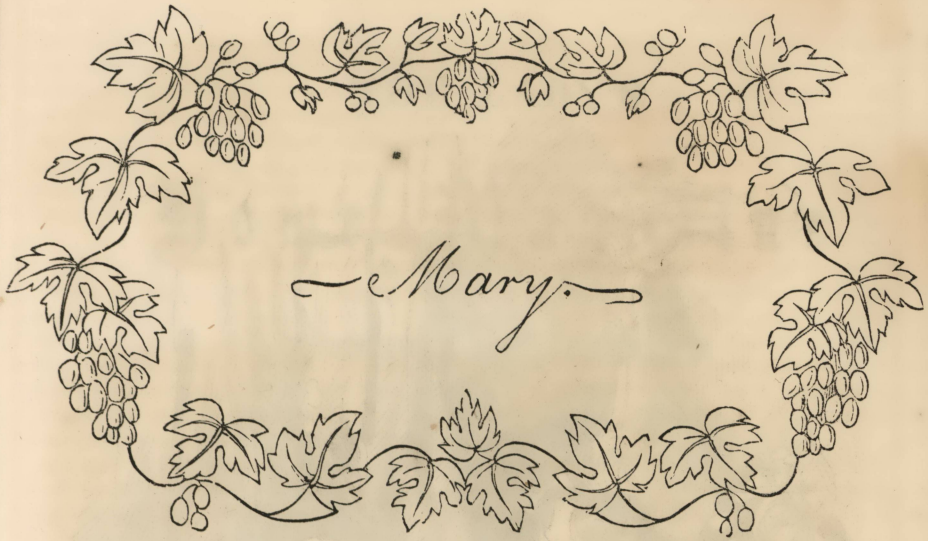
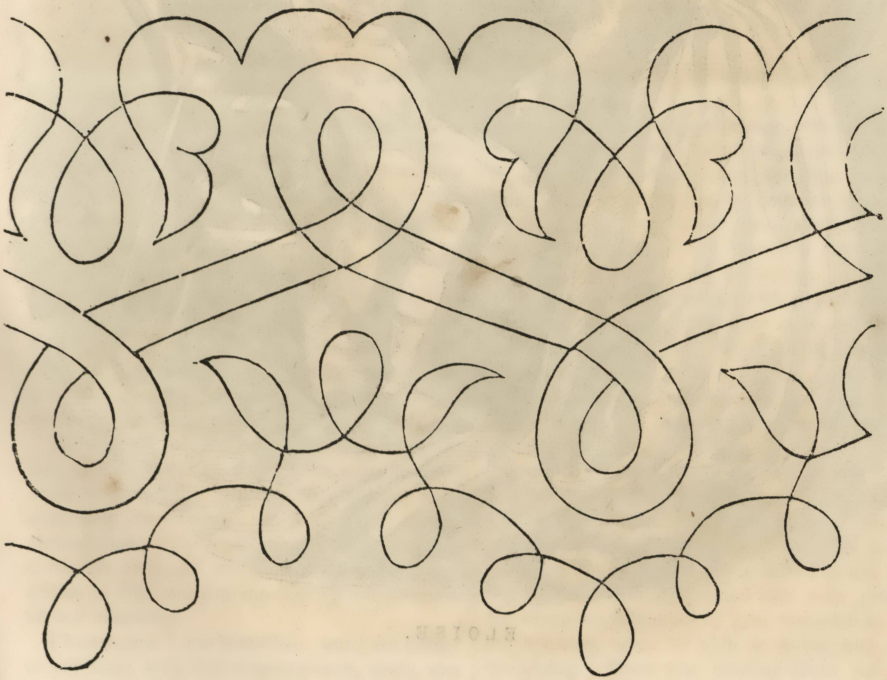




BRAIDING PATTERN.

ELOISE.

THE LADY'S

Home Magazine

OF LITERATURE, ART AND FASHION.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1858.

ONLY AN EPISODE.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

From the time that John Emerson first came to Valley Home, I noticed that a gradual change came over me. I grew more thoughtful. My life seemed to be opening to a more earnest beauty. There was a regretfulness for that which was past, a restlessness in the present, and a longing for a sweeter fulfilment of the future.

Why this was so, I could not tell. Mr. Emerson was nothing to me. I did not love him; I do not know that I even admired him. There was little affinity between us. He was calm, stern, reserved, and at times, when he provoked me by his words or actions, proud, arrogant, and presumptive.

He was too deep for me; too deep in learning, and too deep in observation. In contrast with myself, these traits and qualities were especially prominent. I was wild, giddy, thoughtless; couple with these, indolence, and a dislike to study, and to the every day actualities of life, and you can make a fair estimate of my character.

I knew that I was beautiful; but I am happy to say that, with this consciousness, there was no vanity. My beauty was of a peculiar style; fresh, piquant, consisting of combination, or at least a beauty not to be subjected to individualism.

Mr. Emerson, on the contrary, was not handsome. True, he was well formed, and graceful in his movements, but his face had nothing attractive about it. His lips bespoke too much determination for me, and there seemed to be something so patronizing about his smile, that I liked him less when he smiled. His nose was large, yet corresponding with an iron mouth, like his, while his eyes were cold and stern, rarely softening. They would look into your face as though it were a page of some antiquated volume, only deepening in their color when a true or beautiful sentiment was expressed.

I often thought that I hated Emerson. He was a sort of shadow resting on my buoyancy. The cold, positive mesmerism of his character was driving me to the wall. It repelled, and it attracted me by turns, and at last I could not tell whether I loved or hated him very much. He made no advances of love toward me; he did not even seem to wish to strengthen our friendship. There was nothing about me for him to love, except my beauty. And what was beauty to John Emerson? A wreath of smoke,

a mist, a vapor; he recognized no beauty beyond the beauty of the soul.

I was sitting listlessly upon the verandah one evening. I had never felt so dissatisfied with myself in my life, as I did just then; and, as a consequence, I was dissatisfied with everything around me. I felt peevish and fretful—in a mood to quarrel with any one, but especially with John Emerson.

He was sitting a short distance from me, with his chair leaning back against the railing. With him that was a favorite way of sitting. He had been reading, but as the twilight was deepening, he closed the book, and looked over to where I sat. A minute afterward, he drew his chair nearer to me, and said, in his quiet way,

"What's the matter, Kate? You seem sad; nay, what is worse, *discontented*. You are in no mood to appreciate yonder beautiful sunset. Look! let some of its gorgeousness drop into your love and ——"

"I would prefer, sir, to have you *drop* the conversation," I interrupted, crustily.

John Emerson smiled one of those abominable, patronizing smiles.

"I do not *choose* to drop it, *ma belle*," he said, quietly.

"Thank Heaven, I have an alternative then. Good evening, sir."

I arose, and gathered up my dress to depart.

"You are not going, Kate! Don't spoily our pretty face with that look of scorn. You must sit down and hear me out."

"*Must!* Did I hear right!"

"Yes, *must*. I said it very plainly."

I gazed at him with passion; and yet his calm, brown eyes seemed to draw the fire out of my own. Before I was aware of it, I was sitting down again. I could hardly account for the fact, and so I bit my lip in vexation.

"That's right, Kate. I knew you wouldn't go. You anticipated a lecture, eh?"

"I do not recognize your right to lecture me. You are nothing to me. I am getting to hate you more and more every day."

"Oh, no; you don't hate me one bit, Kate. Besides, I wouldn't care if you did. (The presumptive fellow!) Your love or your hatred is nothing to me. (Worse still!) As you anticipated a lecture, you shall not be disappointed. I have some unpleasant truths to tell you."

"Unpleasant to you, or to me?"

"Unpleasant to both of us, Kate. Do you know that you are not living up to the grandeur of your estate; to the fulfilment of your destiny? Some of your most glorious powers are rusting, absolutely rusting for the want of exercise. This inactivity is warping your soul. You are growing dissatisfied with your own indolence. Why don't you shake this off? Why don't you try and be somebody? to benefit yourself and the world around you? Positively, such a drone as you are should blush from shame."

"You, in turn, Mr. Emerson, should blush for your impudence? Your conduct is outrageous!"

"I am not done yet, Kate. Your indolence has become the subject of remark. You loll around, employing neither your head nor your hands. You do not even seem to be capable of any noble emotions; and above all, you are extremely *selfish*. Why, compared with the plough-boy now coming whistling down the lane, you sink into the most abject picture of imbecility."

I sprang to my feet. I was very angry.

"Mr. Emerson," I said, "you can lay no claim, whatever, to the title of gentleman. To such insults I will not submit. I shall never allow a repetition of them; and I wish you, hereafter, to address no remarks to me whatever. I hate you."

I swept past him—down the steps of the verandah. Glancing furtively back, I saw that he was leaning against one of the pillars, shading his face with his hands.

At the garden gate I met a little boy. He was the only child of a widow lady who lived a short distance up the road.

"Miss Crawford," he said, "can I have some flowers for Ma?"

"Certainly, child. I will help you to gather them. Is your mother sick?"

"Yes ma'am; she is very lonesome. Won't you come up and see her?"

"Yes, I will, Eddy. I shall go with you right away."

The little fellow caught my hand, and a joyous light shone in his eyes.

For two hours I sat by the bedside of Mrs. Ormes. The bitterness had all gone out of my heart. I almost regretted having spoken to Mr. Emerson as I did. During her long illness, I was a constant visitor, and when they laid her in the quiet grave, much of her patience, and her strong Christian faith had passed over to me as an inheritance for my watching.

I took the little orphan home with me. I became deeply interested in him, and in endeavoring to beautify his life, I beautified my

own. I surrounded myself with every day actualities; I stored my mind; I schooled my temper; I labored with my hands; and the quietness in my soul was my bountiful reward.

Months passed on. Mr. Emerson noticed the change in me. He did not speak to me at all; but whenever I met him, there was a kindlier glow in his eyes. One day I came up to him, and laying my hand on his shoulder, said,

"John, you may speak to me again. You may say anything to me you please."

Mr. Emerson caught my hand, and as I looked up into his face, I, for the first time in my life, thought him handsome.

Did I do right? Did I sacrifice any pride?

We daily grew more and more intimate. He seemed to be silently moulding my character. He directed my studies. He opened to my view new sources of profit and beauty. I sat within his spiritual radiance, and he was gradually becoming dearer to me than life itself. It was something grand to lean on one so stern, so just, so positive, and yet so kind withal.

—

"Kate, will you be my wife?"

This was said so abruptly, that I startled. I felt my cheeks tingle, and I dared not look up into his face. It had come at last; and just in the blunt manner in which nobody else but he would have said it. He was in every sense a practical man.

"Did you not tell me, Mr. Emerson," asked I, "that my love or my hatred was nothing to you?"

I had not forgotten that. I wouldn't have been a woman if I had.

"I did, Kate. That was long ago. Your love is very much to me now."

"I am very sorry for this, John."

"Why?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Because I do not love you."

"You *do* love me, Kate; warmly, passionately."

There it was! The same positiveness, the same assurance.

"You loved me long ago, Kate—and you know it."

"It as much as I can do to pardon such presumption."

"It is no presumption, Kate. You do love me, and you will be my wife."

This was the first time he had ever spoken to me either passionately or vehemently.

"Oh, dear!" I sighed. "Such a man as you are! I have no will of my own any more."

I tossed with my foot among the fallen leaves for a few moments, and then looking straight into his eyes, said,

"Well, John, I will be your wife."

And this is the episode.

JONATHAN GRAY.

BY LILLIE A. BROSS.

All alone, by a cottage door,
Tattered and trembling, old and poor,
Day by day sits Jonathan Gray,
Smoking his blackened pipe away.

His cheeks are traced with lines of care,
His forehead is wrinkled, white and bare,
And his frosty locks, so long and thin,
Reach adown to his quivering chin.
His eyes are sunken with age and care,
But as he bends in his oaken chair,
Over a rough-hewn staff the while,
Never a frown, and never a smile
Comes over his face as he looks away
On the sloping hill where the shadows play,
'Neath the drooping willow whose branches sweep
The grassy sod where his loved ones sleep.

No marble slab is gleaming there,
But Jonathan Gray, in his heart, knows where
He buried the patient, the loving and mild;
He buried his idols—his wife and child!

And thus, as the shadows come and go,
The laughing Spring and the Wintry snow,
He watches those hillocks day by day,
Smoking his blackened pipe of clay.

Now the vines have grown o'er that cottage door,
And poor old Jonathan smokes no more!
The cricket chirps at night-fall there,
'Neath the mouldy rounds of that oaken chair,
And the new earth covers another grave
On the sloping hill where the willows wave.

Aug. 5th., 1858.

ELOISE.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

"An orphan, is she? Well, she's old enough to take care of herself. She shan't come here while I'm mistress of the house. There!" and Mrs. Manly shut down the lid of her work-box with a jerk.

"Why not, Amelia? Why do you object to having my niece here? She is a lovely girl."

"Oh, yes, *lovely!* She has been living on charity, I believe, ever since her parents died. She can't have much spirit."

"Charity, Amelia! Why, she has been living with poor Harold since sister Mary died. He has given her a splendid education, and been like a father to her, but he had only his salary, and that died with him. It was very handsome, but Harold always lived extensively."

"Well, your brother Harold should have saved something for her. If she has such a fine education, why does she not go out teaching?"

"She is so young, Amelia, to be cast alone on the world. My only sister's child, orphaned, and with only her old uncle to look to for love. I, rich, with only two children to support, and she teaching for her daily bread. It shall never be. Amelia, she *shall* come here. For once I will be master in my own house. I have written to her to come, and she will arrive to-day. It is of no use to talk, I say she shall come," and dreading a torrent of words, Mr. Manly left the room.

That same evening, Eloise Farnham, Mr. Manly's niece, arrived at her uncle's. He stepped to the door as the carriage drove up, and the lonely, sorrowing girl felt warm kisses upon her cheeks, and loving words of welcome were whispered in her ear. He drew her under the hall lamp, and took off her bonnet. As he did so, a profusion of soft curls fell around her face.

"Aye," said the old man, in a low tone, "Mary's golden hair, Mary's blue eyes, Mary's pure skin, but not Mary's rosy cheeks. We must bring them back. Oh, Mary's own dear child!" and two tears trickled down the withered cheeks. Eloise was weeping, too, softly, and with a heart full of gratitude, for she thought her dead uncle's place was already filled.

"Come!" said Mr. Manly. "You must see your aunt and cousins," and he threw open the parlor door. "Amelia, my dear, this is Mary's daughter. Girls, come speak to your cousin. Ah! Fred, you there, I did not see you."

Mrs. Manly bowed coldly; Julia, the eldest daughter, looked up from the music she was poring over, and nodded slightly, while Minnie did not seem even to hear her father's voice. Fred, a young, handsome fellow, left Julia's side to shake hands with Mr. Manly.

"Eloise, my dear, let me introduce Mr. Frederick Sternman, the son of an old admirer of your mother's. Fred, this is my niece, Miss Farnham."

Fred bowed low, pretending not to heed the quivering lip, and look of grieved amazement, with which Eloise met her cold reception.

Mr. Manly noted the cloud on the young, fair face, and with quick delicacy apologized for taking his niece away from the parlor, pleading her fatigue as his excuse. He led her to his own little sanctum, half library, half parlor. Here, seated on a low stool at his feet, the young girl told him of his dead brother's last days; of the sister Mary whom he had loved so well; of herself; her grief at her uncle's death, and her joy at finding his heart open to her. Of her aunt and cousins she said nothing. At last he dismissed her to her room, and her last thought, as she closed her eyes, was to thank God for her uncle's love.

A cold, clear voice aroused her in the morning.

"Will you come down to breakfast, or have it here?"

"Come down, of course! Is it late?" she asked, starting up. "Oh, Cousin Julia, is it you? Good morning," and she stretched out her hand.

It was not taken, and with a cold "Good morning," her cousin left the room.

Pained and chilled, Eloise arose.

"How lovely Julia is," she thought. "Her eyes are so large and dark, (I admire dark eyes) and her hair is so abundant, and such a deep, rich brown. I must try to make her love me. Minnie is pretty, too, with her tiny figure, and soft grey eyes. Well, they don't know me much yet; perhaps they will love me by and by."

Poor Eloise! Cradled all her life in an atmosphere of love, the want of it was like taking away a necessary of her life. At breakfast she met only her aunt and cousins. Mr. Manly liked early rising, and had breakfasted alone, two hours ago. Eloise privately resolved to be his companion for the future. But little conversation passed at the meal, and she was glad when it was over. Mrs. Manly, Julia, and Minnie left her alone, making no offer to contribute in any way towards making her new home a pleasant one. As the servant entered to remove the breakfast dishes, Eloise asked for her uncle. He was out. She could have cried, she felt so desolate in this splendid home. Saddened, with a slow step, and full heart, she went into the parlor. A grand piano caught her eye, and, having nothing else to do, she went towards it. She was a fine musician, and no mean improvisatrice, and now she poured out her full heart in music. It began with a low, wailing strain, which her quivering fingers gave softly, yet sweetly; as the music filled her heart, coldness and neglect were forgotten, and bright genius awoke in the young girl's mind and face. The large, blue eyes were full of light; a faint flush came upon the pale cheek, and the graceful figure was erect, and full of dignity. Eloise had an invisible audience. Her uncle came in while she was playing, accompanied by two gentlemen, Mr. Sternman, and the lion of Mrs. Manly's circle of gentlemen, Graham Cleveland; the most talented, wealthy, and fascinating of young men. These glided silently in, and seated themselves in an inner room where Eloise could not see them, but from whence they could see her. There was no sound in the parlor, save that glorious music. She ceased for a moment, and then her rich, clear voice joined in the melody. Orphanhood, sorrow, coldness, all were forgotten in the inspiration of the moment. Eloise was wakened rudely by Julia, who came in, saying,

"Please don't bang *all* the tune out of the piano; *I* like to practice sometimes."

Eloise felt as if she had fallen suddenly from Heaven to earth. She arose, bowed silently, and went to her own room. Julia also left the parlor.

Fred Sternman drew a deep breath.

"I feel," said he, "as if I had paid a short visit to Paradise."

Graham Cleveland said nothing; his head was bowed upon the arm of the sofa, and, as he raised it, his eyes were full of tears. He rose, bade Mr. Manly good morning, and left the house, while Fred went to seek for Julia and Minnie. The old man sat, musing, thinking of his favorite sister, the blue-eyed Mary, and with the strains of music still ringing in his ear. Eloise, in her own chamber, was trying not to think hardly of her Cousin Julia. At dinner time, only her uncle noticed her.

The weeks passed wearily, and Eloise was happy only in the evenings. Then, prevented by her mourning from joining in the gaieties of her cousins, she spent hours with her uncle. A piano had been added to the furniture of his pretty sitting-room, and that was always her own whenever she felt inclined to use it. Mr. Manly was a fine German scholar, and he was teaching his niece the language; his eyes were feeble, and she was a fine reader; so, with music, study, and literature, those evenings flew by, and Eloise sighed not for the gay world outside.

In vain Graham Cleveland called again and again, in the hope of seeing once more the fair musician who had made his heart thrill almost painfully. He was always received in the parlor by Mrs. Manly and her daughters, and Julia's heart throbbed with pride, as she fancied *her* attractions were the magnet which drew him there. Graham had never been so attentive before; surely she was winning the prize at last.

While Eloise kept herself in retirement, she met only cold indifference from her aunt and cousins. In vain she tried, by every winning art, to make them love her. Her beauty was regarded with jealousy, her talents with envy and dislike. When her year of mourning had expired, her uncle insisted upon her going into society, and to give her a start, he gave a large party. No expense was spared by the old man, to make his darling the queen of the evening. The simple white dress she had chosen was tossed by contemptuously, and throwing aside his home-loving habits, Mr. Manly ordered the carriage, and went shopping with his niece. As the family stood in the brilliantly-lighted rooms, waiting for their guests, they formed a most beautiful group.

Mrs. Manly, handsome and dignified, wore dark blue brocade, and old point lace. Julia was dressed in a garnet silk, trimmed with black lace, and her beauty still further adorned by a full parure of rubies, her father's gift. Minnie, with her tiny, graceful figure, and bright, brown hair, wore white crape and pearls, while Eloise had selected a dress of light blue moire antique, and wore diamonds on the fair neck and arms, and the same jewels sparkled

among the golden curls. She stood apart from the others. Julia glanced scornfully at her, and whispered to her mother,

"Quite a dash for a beggar."

"Yes; it is in bad taste to dress so much, while living on charity."

Minnie added,

"Wonder how she wheedled Pa out of those diamonds."

Eloise heard all. The first remark sent the indignant blood over face and neck, but the rest steeled her. The insult was overdrawn, and her lip curled with contempt. The rooms soon filled. Mr. Manly introduced all his friends to his niece, the rest of the family only introduced those who requested it. Graham Cleveland was among these. Julia's heart swelled with rage and envy, as he requested the introduction, but she could not refuse it. Minnie was no better pleased at Fred's devotion to her fair cousin.

Eloise, after a whole year of retirement, enjoyed the gay scene. Her uncle was all kindness, the guests all attention. She danced, she sang and played, and she entered into the pleasure around her, with her whole heart. Late in the evening she was standing near the window watching the snow as it fell on the pavement. She had been singing, and her cheeks were flushed with excitement, while her eyes were full of fire and genius. She did not know that many eyes were watching her, till Julia's tones fell upon her ear.

"Yes," she said, "Eloise has quite a dramatic talent. She makes a very pretty tableau with the crimson curtain falling round her. She has kept it up *rather* too long."

Graham Cleveland heard the same, and marked the look of grieved surprise in the young girl's face. He bent his head, and spoke to her. At first her voice failed her, as she tried to answer, but soon he drew her into conversation, and she forgot her annoyance. Fred joined them, but his talent for conversation was inferior to Graham's, and he left them together, and joined his old love, Minnie.

Eloise found that her troubles were just commencing. Julia, Mrs. Manly and Minnie lost no opportunity of insulting her. Julia and her mother were enraged at Graham's devotion to the fair orphan; Minnie, jealous of Fred's admiration for her. She was taunted with living on charity, she was called a beggar, a dependant, and even her loved parents were sneered at. For months she bore this with gentleness, comforted by her uncle's love, and Graham's.

She loved Graham Cleveland. She cared nothing for his wealth, but his noble manliness had won her heart. He had not declared his love, but she felt that he had given it to her.

Fred watched his rival with bitter jealousy, but did not despair, for the fair girl was gentle and kind to all, even to him. I say she bore the insults that were poured upon her with meekness, but even the worm will turn at last.

One morning she was seated in the parlor finishing the embroidery on a pair of slippers for her uncle, when her aunt and cousins came in from walking.

"So, Miss," said Julia, "you are found out at last. With all your sneaking ways, we have found you out now."

Eloise looked up in amazement.

"Oh, you are very much surprised, no doubt," sneered Mrs. Manly; "devoted girl, that would not leave her uncle more than two evenings in a week! Her uncle! You hypocrite, I suppose you were always *alone* with your uncle."

Eloise was roused to indignation, but she compressed her lips, and stood silent, trying to still the beating of her heart.

"How dare you receive my lover here alone, in the evenings, while I am out," cried Julia. "Oh, you needn't deny it. Graham has been here almost every evening for weeks. It would be a fine thing to catch him, wouldn't it, Miss, and get his *money*, for, of course, that's all you think about. But you'll fail! He said, to-day, that your arts amused him, they were so transparent."

Still no answer.

"I suppose you'll deny that you've been trying to win my lover from me," cried the enraged girl.

"Your lover!"

That was all Eloise said, but the cutting emphasis of the tone, maddened Julia. She sprang to her cousin, and struck her.

Eloise fired now. With an erect carriage, a burning cheek, and a flashing eye, she went to her uncle's room. He was in his accustomed seat, and looked with amazement at his usually gentle niece.

"Uncle, I am going away!"

"Eh, what?" and the old man's spectacles fell from his nose with the force of the start he gave. He replaced them, gazing at the excited girl with almost ludicrous amazement.

"I am going away. I have talents and education, and I can earn a living by teaching. I will stay no longer where I am insulted every

hour. Uncle, only love for you has kept me here—oh, Uncle," all the anger now melted into bitter tears. She sank on her knees, beside her uncle, and leaning on his breast, she told him all her trials. He listened in silence, then lifting his head, he looked around the room, and beckoned to some one who stood nearly concealed by the folds of the curtain. Eloise, her face buried in his bosom, did not see the movement.

"So you think you can teach, dear!"

"Yes."

"Well, dear, I have been thinking you would not stay here much longer. Mr. Sternman wants you to marry him; he sent me a letter this morning, to ask my consent. That will be better than teaching."

"I had rather teach

"Eh, what? Why, he is young and wealthy!"

"I had rather teach."

"Well, there is still another chance for you. Graham Cleveland proposed for you this morning. Why, how you tremble. My child, you love him!"

"I cannot marry him."

"My dear child, you must not let this morning's conversation embitter your whole life. Graham said to me, that the purity and simplicity of your mind made all your motives for action transparent. No doubt that is the remark you have heard so wilfully misrepresented. Do you love him, Eloise?"

The third person, from behind the curtain, came softly, and leaned on the back of Mr. Manly's chair.

"Eloise, do you love him?"

The answer came soft and low,

"With my whole heart! I could die for him!"

Another arm stole softly round her waist, and a younger voice than her uncle's, said, in her ear,

"Thank you, and bless you for the words." The door of the room was thrown violently open, and Julia entered just in time to see Graham Cleveland standing before her father with Eloise clasped in his arms, her sunny curls falling over his coat, and her pure, sweet face raised to his, while he gazed upon her in rapture.

PATIENT AND HOPEFUL

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

FAR down a dreamy valley, where sun falls less than shadow,
A deep and placid river melodiously flows;
On its banks of greener verdure than has decked the Summer meadow,
The vine-branch climbs the laurel, the myrtle clasps the rose

From afar mine eyes have watched it—from afar its pearly flow
Cheers the Present's checkered pathway, cheered the darksome long ago;
From afar I bend toward it—ah! such eager heart and eyes,
Fate's implacable "No nearer!" never, never satisfies.

I may not bathe me in it, in the life I'm leading now;
I can only feel its spray-drops cool upon my bended brow;
Only catch the distant odors of the blossoms on its shore,
And its wavelets' faintest murmur, and I may not ask for more!

But in the Life that cometh, in the better world to be,
I shall seek it, I shall find it as it finds the eternal sea;
In its tide of cooling crystal I shall bathe my weary feet,
And my lips shall learn new raptures as they touch its waters sweet.

Thus Hope dwells with the Future, most serene and pleasant,
And I thank the Father, praise him evermore,
That through the Past's deep shadow, through the checkered Present,
Winds the one fair River, making gladness on its shore.

BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.

COMPARATIVELY little is known of Brazil in this country. A recent publication * from the press of Childs and Peterson of this city, entittled "Brazil and the Brazilians," the work of two able and zealous missionaries, has thrown more light on its recent history; its present state and resources, and its future prospects, than all the numerous volumes which have preceded it. We have waded through the three thick quarto volumes of Southey's History of Brazil, which cost that eminent writer years of laborious research, without getting rid of the popular notion that Brazil is interesting only for its mighty rivers, mountains, and forests, its strange animals, and stranger savages, and their interminable wars with their civilized invaders. Until we read the work of Messrs. Kidder and Fletcher, we were by no means aware that Brazil claims our attention and sympathy on the higher grounds of its possessing a stable, constitutional monarchy; a growing nation convering a territory larger than our own, who are in the full enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. The writers of this work have been for twenty years examining the country, its productions, scenery, resources, institutions of learning, government and religion, as well as its history; and they have summed up the result of their observations in a most thorough and satisfactory manner. Compared with the numerous aimless, meagre itineraries of ordinary travelers, it is as light contrasted with darkness.

This is a general work on the present and past state of the Empire; and it exhausts the subject so completely as to leave nothing to be desired by the general reader.

Our limits will not permit an analysis of so extensive a work, and we shall therefore content ourselves with giving our readers a few extracts as specimens of its style, and the interesting manner in which its various subjects are handled. In the following extract are de-

* Brazil and the Brazilians, portrayed in Historical and Descriptive Sketches. By Rev. D. V. Kidder & Rev. J. C. Fletcher. Illustrated with 150 engravings. Philadelphia: *Childs & Peterson.*

scribed the climate of Brazil, and an excursion from Rio to the interior.

Those whose tropical experience has been in the East Indies or the Western coast of Africa, can have no just conception of the delightful climate of the greater portion of Brazil. It would seem as if Providence had designed this land as the residence of a great nation. Nature has heaped up her bounties of every description; cool breezes, lofty mountains, vast rivers, and plentiful pluvial irrigation, are treasures far surpassing the sparkling gems and the rich minerals which abound within the borders of this extended territory. No burning sirocco wafts over this fair land to wither and desolate it, and no vast desert, as in Africa, separates its fertile provinces. That awful scourge, the earthquake—which causes strong men to become weak as infants, and which is constantly devastating the cities of Spanish America—disturbs no dweller in this Empire. While in a large part of Mexico, and also on the west coast of South America, from Copiapo to the fifth degree of south latitude, rain has never been known to fall, Brazil is refreshed by copious showers, and is endowed with broad, flowing rivers, cataracts, and sparkling streams. The Amazon, or, as the aborigines term it, *Para*, "the father of waters," with his mighty branches, irrigates a surface equal to two-thirds of Europe; and the San Francisco, the Parahiba do Sul, the vast affluents of the La Plata, under the names of the Paraguay, Parana, Cuiba, Paranahiba, and a hundred other streams of lesser note, moisten the fertile soil, and bear their tributes to the ocean through the southern and eastern portions of the Empire. Let any one glance at the map of Brazil, and he will instantly be convinced that this land is designed by nature for the sustenance of millions.

Now, there must be some reason for this bountiful irrigation, this fertility of soil, and salubrity of climate.

Lieutenant Maury—who seems almost literally to have taken "the wings of the morning," and to have flown to the uttermost parts of the sea—has shown conclusively why it is that Brazil is so blessed above corresponding latitudes in other lands. South America is like a great irregular triangle, whose longest side is upon the Pacific. Of the two sides which lie upon the Atlantic, the longest, extending from Cape Horn to Cape St. Roque, is three thousand five hundred miles, and looks out upon the south east; while the shortest, looking northeastward, has a length of two thousand five hundred miles. This configuration has a powerful effect upon the temperature, and the irrigation of Brazil. The La Plata and the Amazon result from it, and from those wonderful winds, called the trades, which blow upon the two Atlantic sides of the great triangle. These winds, which sweep from the northeast and from the southeast, come laden, in their journey over the ocean, with humidity and with clouds. They bear their vapory burdens over the land, distilling, as they fly, refreshing moisture upon the vast forests and the lesser mountains, until, finally caught up by the lofty Andes, in that rarefied and cool atmosphere, they are wholly condensed, and descend in the copious rains which perpetually nourish the sources of two of the mightiest rivers of the world. The prevailing winds on the Pacific coast are north and south. No moisture is borne from the ocean to the huge barrier of mountains within sight of the dashing waves, and hence the aridity of so much of the hypothenuse of the triangle. I have beheld the western and eastern coasts of South America within thirty days of each other, and the former seemed a desert compared with the latter.

No other tropic country is so generally elevated as Brazil. Though there are no very lofty mountains except upon its extreme western border, yet the whole Empire has an average elevation of more than seven hundred feet above the level of the sea.

This great elevation, and those strong trade-winds, combine to produce a climate much cooler, and more healthful than the corresponding latitudes of Africa and Southern Asia. The traveler, the naturalist, the merchant, and the missionary, do not have their first months of pleasure or usefulness thrown away, or their constitutions impaired by acclimating fevers.

The mean temperature of Brazil, which extends from nearly the fifth degree of north latitude, to the thirty-third of south latitude (almost an intertropical region) is from 81° to 88° Fahrenheit, according to different seasons of the year. At Rio de Janeiro, on the authority of Dr. Dundas, the mean temperature of thirty years was 73°. In December, (which corresponds to June in the Northern Hemisphere) maximum, 89 and a half °; minimum, 70°; mean, 79°. In July, (coldest month) maximum, 89 and a half °; minimum, 66°; mean, 73 and a half °. I can add, from my own observations for several years, that I never saw 90° attained in the Summer time, and the lowest in the Winter (June, July, and August)

was 60°, and this was early in the morning.

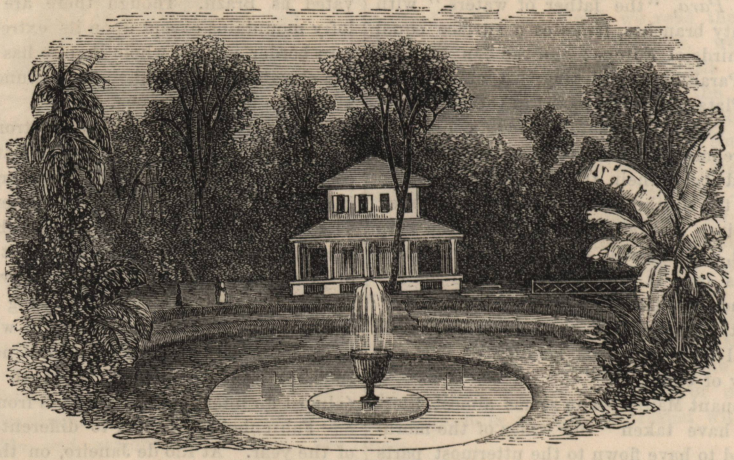
The heat of Summer is never so oppressive as that which I have often experienced in the hot days of July and August, at New York and Boston, where frequently the high point of 104° or 105° Fahrenheit has been reached. It must, however, be conceded that three months of weather ranging between 73° and 89°, would be intolerable if it were not for the cool sea breeze on the coast, which generally sets in at eleven A. M., and the delicious land breeze which so gently fans the earth until the morning sun has flashed over the mountains. In the interior the nights are always cool; and it may be added that, one hundred miles from the sea-coast, the climate is entirely different.

Rio is happily situated in its accessibility to the elevated regions. An hour's ride leaves you among the cascades and coolness of Tijuca; six hours by steamer, railway, and coach, lift you up to the mountain city of Petropolis; or twelve hours will bring you amid the sublimities of the Serra dos Orgoes, and the silent and refreshing shades of Constancia, where, at Heath's, we may be far away from the dust, din, and diplomacy, which are the constant concomitants of the commercial and political capital of Brazil. Again we may vary our route, and ascend the mountains to the elevated uplands upon which are situated the prosperous towns of Nova Fribourge and Canta Gallo, with their adjacent flourishing coffee plantations. All of these are delightful resorts, and are becoming each Summer more and more frequented.

Not far from the usual route to Constancia, is the sweet little valley of St. Alexio, where an American has erected a cotton factory in the midst of the most beautiful tropic scenery. To some it might be a profanation that these wilds should be startled by any other sounds than the leaping streams from the Serra, or the songs of birds, and the shrill music of the cicada; but perhaps there are few who would not be content to behold industry taking the place of indolence, though they might yield to none in love for the beautiful.

I visited St. Alexio a number of times, and enjoyed the kind hospitality of its director, who, through many obstacles, had at last triumphed in establishing the first successful cotton manufactory in the province of Rio de Janeiro.

The proprietor's house stands at a short distance from the factory, and both were actually



A YANKEE HOUSE IN BRAZIL.

framed in the United States, brought out in *pieces*, and put together in Brazil. The pine used for the house has, in spite of predictions to the contrary, proved superior in durability to Norwegian pine. A meadow of bright green slopes away from the house toward a clear, rapid brook, which, after rains, may well be called a river; but in dry weather it is easily traversed on the stones that strew its bed. Mr. M. had long and painful researches to find a stream that never dries up even in the hottest season. At last he discovered this little river, and here took up his abode. The hills rise around, covered with the most luxuriant growth; here and there a stately palm rises like a chieftain above its fellows; further on, the mountains stretch away, and blend with the clear blue of the heavens. On the

branches sing bright-plumaged birds, that seem, in the early morning, to call on the sensitive plant trees to awake from their night's slumber. It was, indeed, hard for me to realize that the little sensitive plant, which I had looked upon at home as among the most delicate of exotics, is here reproduced in almost giant forms. Its family abounds in Brazil, and the grove that surrounds the residence of Mr. M., is actually composed of trees which quietly fold their leaves in repose at vespers, only to be awakened by the morning sun, and the singing birds. The city friends of Mrs. M. used to offer their condolence that she was so far removed from society in that retired vale; but they were always cut short in their proffered sympathy by the information that no sense of loneliness prevailed in that sweet spot. There one may find companionship in those majestic mountains, "precipitously steep," the flowering woods, the forest voices, and the gushing music of brooks and fountains.

The remembrance of St. Alexio is like that of a pleasant dream, or the sunny memories of the secluded vales and sparkling waters at the base of the *Dent du Midi*, not a day's ride from the upper end of the Lake of Geneva.

Mr. M. deserves the greatest credit for his persevering efforts which placed here this first successful cotton manufactory in the province. Others had endeavored to establish similar *fabricas*, to be driven by steam power, in the city, but they were failures. Not only had Mr. M. to contend with nature, but probably his worst annoyances came from a dilatory Government. As to operatives, the factory is supplied from the German colony of Petropolis. Another has paid a just tribute of merit to Mr. M., and I can heartily subscribe to the sentiments therein contained. "Though it is only in the more common fabrics in cotton, that the manufacturer can yet compete with British and American goods, yet he (Mr. M.) deserves a medal of honor from the Government, and the patronage of the whole Empire, not only for the establishment of the manufactory, but for the living example—set before a whole province of indolent and sluggish natives—of Yankee energy, ingenuity, indefatigable industry, and unyielding perseverance."

Contrasted with this Northern American attempt at colonization, we find in a subsequent chapter the following:

The Colonia Donna Francisca is a new enterprise, whose origin may be stated in a few words. In 1843, Prince de Joinville married Donna Francisca, the sister of the Emperor of Brazil. With her hand he received, as a dower, a large forest estate in the province of Santa Catharina. A few years ago, at some of the watering-places of Germany, the Prince met with Senator Schrœder, of Hamburg, who proposed to him a plan for making his dower profitable—viz.: to grant a certain portion of land to a company, who should form a colony upon it. The Prince granted nine square leagues, reserving a certain number of acres for himself, in the most desirable situations. The company was formed, and agreed to bring out some sixteen hundred colonists within a given time. From March, 1851, to March, 1855, the number, according to contract, had arrived. The greater portion of the colonists are from German Switzerland, though France and Germany are represented by a respectable minority. The village of Joinville contains about sixty houses; in the surrounding country there are one hundred and twenty buildings, and others in construction. After deducting deaths, there are something like fifteen hundred inhabitants in this colony, while there are a considerable number of French and French Swiss, in an adjoining colony, founded by Prince de Joinville on his own lands. Two-thirds of all the colonists are doubtless Protestants, while the other third are Romanists.

What will be the success of the colony remains to be seen. The colonists, with few exceptions, are not of the first class who seek the New World; and doubtless the company, wishing to fulfil their contract as to numbers, were not by any means careful in the selection of the emigrants. They are obliged to pay for their land, which is much dearer than in the United States, and, having the thick forests to fell, are soon out of funds. Their distance from any market, and the impossibility of obtaining remunerating crops until the hard labors of the pioneer are performed in the unbroken wild wood, operate powerfully against all but the most courageous hearts. With lands, however, (which the company has now obtained) away from the low district bordering the river, the prospect will be brighter. I am nevertheless convinced that the best means of colonizing Brazil, is not by private speculation in village lots and farming grounds.

Herr Palma returned, accompanied by the school-teacher. The latter was a dandified-looking gentleman, dressed in the latest Parisian fashion, but withal a person not wanting in ability or in acquirements; for at his rooms I found chemical apparatus, with which he was

constantly experimenting, and I also ascertained that he was an engineer, and an artist of no ordinary merit. He offered his services to go with me to the Lutheran clergyman, and to be at my disposition generally. To the clergyman I had no letters. In a few moments I was at his house, which was most scantily furnished; indeed, I have rarely seen, in the backwoods of the United States, a minister surrounded with so little comfort, or so few of the necessaries of life. He spoke neither French nor Portuguese, and his stock of English exceeded very little my stock of German; so that I had great difficulty in making him comprehend my mission. I attempted to be more explicit through the teacher, to whom I spoke in French, which he translated into German. Still he did not seem to comprehend, and I left his house feeling somewhat discouraged at my reception, especially when I contrasted it with the warm co-operation which I had received from the Lutheran clergyman at Petropolis.

In the meantime, a rumor ran through the village that a stranger with Bibles had arrived, and when I returned to the little inn, I had as much as I could do to attend to the visitors. Among them was an accomplished and refined lady, the daughter of an LL.D. of Hamburg, and wife of the head director of Prince de Joinville's colony, which must not be confounded with the Hamburg colony in Joinville. My German Bibles and Portuguese Testaments were soon exhausted, but I had some still left at San Francisco, for which they paid me the money, and I sent them the next day after my return.

The clergyman now joined us. He was a little more cordial this time. I invited him and the school teacher to take tea with me. During the repast, the latter left us a few moments, and then returned; but while he was absent, the clergyman said to me, "How did you become acquainted with the teacher? He is a *turn-coat*." I then understood his reserve, and non-comprehension of my remarks which I had made in the presence of the pedagogue at the parsonage. The teacher was born in Bulgaria—was a Mohammedan—he afterward went to Germany, and finally came to Brazil with some Belgian *savants* whose object was scientific exploration. The young man became attached to a Brazilian girl twelve years of age, renounced his religion, became a Romanist, and married her. I could still further appreciate the cautious movements of the clergyman, when he informed me that he himself was a Bohemian by birth; was educated in Vienna; and was the means of turning some seventy Papists to Protestantism, and on this account he was expelled from Austria. Although I received the kindest of treatment from the schoolmaster, truth compels me to say that among the people of the village he has the reputation of being Roman Catholic only in *theory*, for in *practice* he was as much of a Turk as if he resided in the heart of the Ottoman Empire.

The company around me was a mixed one, some being Romanists, others Protestants. In the course of the evening, an honest-looking Bernese Swiss came into the room. I saluted him, and spoke of the Bible, but observed that he viewed me with a cautious eye. Soon I saw him and the pastor go out together. They returned in a few minutes, and a short time after, the Bernese took me aside, and said, "I am convinced that you have a good object in view. I was afraid you were a Jesuit," (he had not forgotten the Sonderbund in his own country) "but the pastor assures me that you are not. I wish to do good. I once hoped to be a missionary, but early circumstances prevented, and therefore I must be content to work through others; so please accept this small sum of money, and all that I wish you to do, is to spread the good news of the blessed Saviour." After he went away, the pastor handed me another small sum, which the same Bernese had given him for me. The total was only nine francs; but that sum is equal to one hundred francs in the United States. I afterward sent him, from San Francisco do Sul, sufficient Bibles in return for his gift, and hope that he will thus be more immediately made the instrument of spreading "the good news of the blessed Saviour."

It was late when my visitors retired. The next morning, at an early hour, mounted upon a wild-looking horse, and dashing through mud and mire, I went to breakfast with the director of the Hamburgese (the Joinville, not the Prince's) colony. As I rode along, I saw on either hand the small cottages of the colonists, (distinguished from Brazilian houses by their chimneys) reared amid the overshadowing, broad-leafed banana trees, in this land of no Winter. But they have a hard lot, for the forest land is difficult to clear; the soil is not so rich for cereals and other productions which they have been accustomed to cultivate, and, above all, the people are poor, and, many of them being from the lowest classes in Germany, quite a number give themselves up to drink.

It was on this latter account that the pastor solicited German temperance tracts.

With the following very able and just account of the aborigines of Brazil, we will conclude our extracts for the present; but we may hereafter take up the work again. It is by far the best, the most comprehensive, and the most interesting book on Brazil which we have ever seen.

Frequent allusion has been made to the aboriginal tribes of Brazil. Their history would fill many volumes.* The same interest which attaches to the Incas and their subjects, to the Montezumas and the millions over whom they lorded it, does not belong to the tribes or nations which inhabited Brazil at its discovery. The few remains of antiquity which have been reported in the North, are doubtless monuments of the Empire of the Incas east of the Andes.

That erudite and accurate student of Indian antiquities, Mr. Schoolcraft, has, I think, clearly shown that the germ of Mexican civilization was the cultivation of the maize, which, to produce in quantities and in perfection, requires, at least for some months, continued labor. Thus the ancient Mexicans, if they were even for a short time nomadic, would be recalled to the spot whence they drew their principal sustenance. The want of rain either called forth efforts for artificial irrigation, or for the construction of floating gardens on the lakes which gem the great Valley of Azteca. These could not be well abandoned without the greatest sacrifice, and thus there grew up insensibly a community, a settlement. If the early history of the great Peruvian nation, which numbered more than three times the population of Mexico, could be known, we should doubtless find that their civilization originated in endeavoring to procure food by the cultivation of the rainless and arid Pacific sea coast by resorting to artificial irrigation. When strength of mind and skill were developed, they could push their way into a more favored region, driving back other tribes. Thus, in time, they extended their conquests, their comparative civilization, and their Sabean religion over a territory comprising the country from the Pacific coast on the west to the eastern slope of the Andes, and from the equator to Valparaiso.

The tribes of Brazil, however, from the natural irrigation, and from the spontaneous products of the forests and plains, had no mo-

* The author might say it has already filled a great many volumes, and very, very heavy volumes they are.

A GERMAN EMIGRANT'S CABIN AT DONNA FRANCISCA.

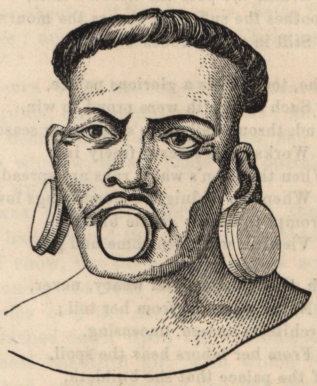
tives to call forth that mental effort for existence which often results in civilization. They were not settled; neither were they habitually and widely nomadic; each tribe having certain limits, where it remained until driven out by a superior force. The plantain, the banana, the cashew, the yam—above all, the mandioca, and the more than two hundred species of palms—furnished them food, drink, and raiment. The little cultivation to which they attended was that of the mandioca-root, which, when planted in burned ground, thrives among the stumps and roots of trees without further husbandry.

But the most generous gift (to which allusion has been made) that bountiful Providence gave Brazil, is the palm tree. The traveler, in the interior provinces, and upon the sea coast away from the cities, is struck by the very great application of this "Prince of the Vegetable Kingdom" to the wants of man. And if the Prince plays so important a part in the domestic economy of Europeans and their descendants, his highness was and is servant for general house and field work among the aborigines of Brazil. To this day it furnishes the Amazonian Indians house, raiment, food, drink, salt, fishing tackle, hunting implements, and musical instruments, and almost every necessary of life except flesh. Take the hut of an Uaupe Indian on one of the affluents of the Rio Negro. The rafters are formed by the straight and uniform palm called *Leopoldina pulchra;* the roof is composed of the leaves of the Carana palm; the doors and framework of the split stems of the *Iriartea exhoriza.* The wide bark which grows beneath the fruit of another species, is sometimes used as an apron. The Indian's hammock, his bow-strings, and his fishing-lines, are woven and twisted from the fibrous portions of different palms. The comb with which the males of some of the tribes adorn their heads, is made from the hard wood of a palm; and the fish hooks are made from the spines of the same tree. The Indian makes, from the fibrous spathes of the *Manicaria saccifera,* caps for his head, or cloth in which he wraps his most treasured feather ornaments. From eight species he can obtain intoxicating liquor; from many more (not including the cocoanut plant, found on the sea coast) he receives oil and a harvest of fruit; and from one, the *Jara assu,* he procures, by burning the large clusters of small nuts, a substitute for salt. From another he forms a cylinder for squeezing the mandioca pulp, because it resists for a long time the action of the poisonous juice. The great woody spathes of the *Maximiliana regia,* are "used by hunters to cook meat in, as, with water in them, they stand the fire well;" (Wallace.) These spathes are also employed for carrying earth, and sometimes for cradles. Arrows are made from the spinous processes of the *Patawa,* and lances and heavy harpoons are made from the *Iriatea ventricosa;* the long blowpipe through which the Indian sends the poisoned arrow that brings down the bright birds, the fearless peccari, and even the thick-skinned tapir, is furnished by the *Setigera* palm; the great, bassoon-like musical instruments used in the "devil worship" of the Uaupes, are also made from the stems of palm trees.

One would have supposed that a people thus supplied with almost every necessity of life would have exhibited gentleness and docility, and would have been among the most peaceful of the denizens of the New World. On the contrary, the aborigines of Brazil were a warlike, ferocious people, unskilled in the usual arts of peace, and were of the most vengeful and bloody character. Many of these tribes were cannibals; some ate their enemies in grand ceremonial; others made war for the purpose of obtaining human food; and others still devoured their relatives and friends as a mark of honor and distinguished consideration. At this day, in the remote interior, on the upper waters of the Amazon, there exist, in as wild a state as when South America was first discovered, tribes whose anthropophagous propensities are as fully indulged as if the European had never placed foot upon the continent. We would feel inclined to discredit the accounts of all the early navigators who touched upon the Brazilian coasts in regard to the cannibalism of the natives, were it not that it is fully confirmed at the present day; forty days' journey (as travelers travel) from the mouth of the Amazon, up the river Purus, are found the Catauixis, and near them other tribes of Indians who, Mr Wallace (a thorough and truthful explorer) says, "are cannibals, killing and eating Indians of other tribes, and they preserve the flesh thus obtained, smoked and dried.

So far as can be ascertained, there were more than one hundred different tribes inhabiting Brazil at the discovery of South America. The large majority of these belonged to one race, and were called, upon the sea coast, Tupi, Tupinaki, Tupinambi, or something similar, in the way of a compound of the root *Tup.* In the South, upon the head waters of the La

Plata, they were called Guarani. They were most curiously situated, dwelling in a narrow belt upon the whole sea coast from the mouth of the Amazon, down to the present province of S. Paulo. Here they extended inland to Paraguay, and up its waters, and across the interlacings of the La Platan and Amazonian sources, where, it is surmised, they had their origin; thence they were found upon the Marmora, the Madeira, the Tapajoz, and other rivers, down the Amazon to the great island of Marajo. This people spoke, in effect, the same language, called, by Dr. Latham, in his treatise on the languages of the Amazon, the



A BOTACUDO DANDY.

Tupi Guarani. The learned philologist says that as far northward as the equator, and as far south as Buenos Ayres, the Tupi Guarani language was to be found. Now, there were, surrounded by this widely-spread race, numerous tribes of other aborigines, who spoke a class of languages totally distinct and different. These different tribes, it was ascertained by the Jesuits and traders, comprehended, to a certain extent, the Tupi Guarani tongue, though their own languages were so unlike that they scarcely had one word in common. The priests, the traders, and the slave hunters, pushed their way through these tribes, and each, in their widely-different mission, aided in the formation of a remarkable language, called the *Lingoa Geral* or *Lingoa Franca*, which was the common vehicle of communication, from the Orinoco to the La Plata, among people whose languages remain unknown. The trader, the scientific explorer, and the Brazilian Government official, at this day have their intercourse with the savages of the Japura, the Parana, the Chingu, and the Araguaia, by the Lingoa Geral. The basis of this, as already observed, is the Guarani or Tupi Guarani tongue.*

These surrounded tribes, so to speak, occasionally, though rarely, succeeded in reaching

A NATIVE PLUG-UGLY.

the coast. Thus, the Aymores—a cannibal tribe who acquired such a terrible celebrity—made their appearance upon the sea shore a long time after the discovery of Brazil. The coast tribes regarded them with horror, and considered them as irrational beings, ignorant of the construction of huts, and of the art of adorning their persons with the rich plumage of the parrot, and the gay-painted macaw. They had a still more distinctive characteristic, that consisting in an unconquerable fear of

LIP-ORNAMENT OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

water, which impeded them from following their enemies when they swam a river, or

* Dr. Latham says, "With two exceptions, the distribution of the numerous dialects and sub-dialects of the Tupi Guarani tongue, is the most remarkable in the world—the exceptions being the Malay and the Athabascan tongues.

plunged into a lake. They assaulted Porto Seguro and the Ilheos with such ferocity, that Bellegarde says that labor ceased on all the plantations for want of workmen, who had gone to give them battle. They were afterward routed, and nearly all dispersed, and there only remain, as their descendants, the Botacudos, a few hundred of whom still—now peacefully—wander upon the banks of the rivers Doce and Bellemonte. These Indians, like many of the savages of South America, wear the most absurd ornaments of light wood, (the aloe) which they at pleasure insert, and take out from slits in their ears and lips.

THE TWO PALACES.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

THEY are rearing, in the sunlight,
Pillar, arch and turret high;
Rearing there a gorgeous palace
'Twixt my vision and the sky;
I can see the walls uprising,
Hear the hammers clink and blow,
And beneath the graceful arches
Cunning workmen come and go.

And I see the lordly builder,
He who rears it for his home,
Pacing o'er the polished pavement,
Gazing at the lofty dome.
He hath given, for those proud columns,
Days of toil, and nights of care;
'Mid the city's stately mansions
None can with its pride compare.

Gold, uncounted from his coffers,
Pays the workman's skill divine,
All his long life's nerve he offers
Freely on that gorgeous shrine.
Sure, the palace that he buildeth,
Must Ambition's dreams allay;
Yet he builds it in a country
Where he dwells but for a day.

There's a faint and pallid woman,
Picking out her cautious way,
Jostled by the princely owner,
'Mid the half-hewn stones and clay.

She, of little wealth the winner,
Grants the poor the widow's mite,
Soothes the suffering, cheers the mourner,
Still in scanty robes bedight.

She, too, builds a glorious palace,
Such as wealth were proud to win,
And, through all earth's wearying seasons,
Works a life's nerve freely in.
When the noon's warm rays are spreading,
When the midnight's cloud hangs low,
Prompt to do her gentle bidding,
Viewless workmen come and go.

Ah, though worn and weary, never,
Never stays she from her toil;
Architects unseen, unceasing,
From her labors bear the spoil.
Of the palace that she buildeth,
She, the meek one, knoweth naught,
Till she, passing from life's portal,
Finds the dome her hand hath wrought.

Silken chains of love and duty
Bind her at the temples pale,
While her spirit's shrine of beauty,
Rears itself beyond the vale;
'Mid the mansions of the holy,
He whose smiles she strives to win
Waits her coming, meek and lowly,
There to bid her enter in.

BROWN EYES.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

I.

So full of love and trust!
A voiceless speech is theirs, indeed;
And yet how earnestly they plead
And sparkle when they say, "*You must!*

II.

How much of hope and constancy
An eye of deep'ning brown implies!
We know not where its beauty lies,
And so we look again *to see!*

III.

To bachelors this a risk may be;
At least it was to me, I know.
Brown eyes light up my life below,
For I once looked again to see!

Lancaster, Pa.

THE MOTHER'S BROOCH.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Mr. Rood just left this here for you, ma'am," said the servant, with a very broad smile, as she stood in the chamber door holding out a small pearl box to her young mistress.

She was combing her fair hair at the mirror, that Christmas morning, and she turned round with a little eager cry, while the blood leaped into her cheeks; "Has he gone, Betsy?"

"Yes; and he left 'merry Christmas' for you!"

Genevra Wild unclasped the delicate casket with quick, but tremulous fingers; and then, as the beautiful gift met her eyes, she sprang to the window, threw aside the curtain, and held it up to the light.

It was Christmas morning, and the night before had covered the earth with a thick matting of snow, but the rising sun had scattered the clouds, and rode up gloriously in the east to rejoice over the Anniversary; and its full light flashed down upon the curious, antique, but most beautiful gift with which Norman Rood had commemorated the day for his betrothed.

It was a brooch, with a singularly artistic design; a rose of carbuncles set among leaves of emerald, fastened to a stem of gold, and the rich jewels flashed up currents of crimson and amber, as the lady waved them in the sunbeams.

"How beautiful! how beautiful!" she murmured to herself, in the ecstacy of youth and delight. "How kind Norman was, to send me this, and what exquisite taste he has. How I wish I had something better than *that* to give him," and she looked regretfully upon the handsome velvet riding cap which hung upon the chair, and which her own tasteful fingers had been so many hours in executing.

Genevra Wild had the face of a picture; of a soft, delicate, girlish picture, with curls of sunny brown, and eyes of Summer blue, and cheeks of faintest pink. Somewhat did she resemble the portraits one finds in old English galleries, except that her style was more delicate and fragile. She was an only child, the daughter of wealthy parents, petted, caressed, idolized from her youth upward.

She was all the best, at twenty-two, that, with her character, such a life could make her. She was gentle, loving, lovable, with no great force or earnestness, and perhaps no broad soul sympathies; and of course she was unconsciously selfish and exacting, for what else could a life like hers make her, but she was full of good impulses, and warm affections, and accomplished, after the fashion of her day, generation and society.

Norman Rood loved her, and was her affianced husband, and she had promised to resign her girlhood in one week from that Christmas morning. He was a finer character than she, on the whole, that is, he had more breadth, more strength, more loftiness of soul, but he had not her womanly instincts, sympathies, affections; *here a woman has always the advantage of a man.* He had graduated five years before at college, but he had no particular taste for any of the professions, but he occupied a lucrative and responsible position in the bank, and all Genevra's friends were pleased with the match, and thought she would "marry well."

—

And on that Christmas morning of which I write, and in the very hour that the servant handed to Genevra Wild the gift of her betrothed, a young girl stood in the large, old-fashioned parlor of a farm-house, in the village of Pentonville, some ten miles from the city where we have met the former. A birch fire was curling up the chimney, and giving a ruddy tone to the whole room, but it did not flush that girl's face with its look of radiant eagerness, as she stood gazing at rolls of bills which an old farmer, in a white, shaggy overcoat, and blue pantaloons, had just placed in her hands.

"Yes, Mr. Ritter, sixty dollars, it's all right. I am very, very much obliged to you."

"Well," answered the old man, drawing on his woolen gloves, "I hope you'll have a merry Christmas, and a good vacation, and be ready to take up school bran new, two weeks from Monday. I guess ye'll need the rest, anyhow, for ye don't look over strong, and it's an obstropolous set enough over yonder. Anything I can do for you?"

"Well, Mr. Ritter, I should very much like

to have the pipe mended, so it won't smoke so, and a new latch put on the inside door to keep the wind out."

"Well, I'll attend to it; and now *Miss* Ritter and the children will like to have you come over there, and stay two or three days; we're plain sort o' folks, but I guess we can make you comfortable."

"I don't doubt it, Mr. Ritter, and I shall be very happy to come."

Then the kind-hearted "school trustee" shook hands with the young teacher, and took his leave. She shut the door, and paced rapidly up and down the great parlor, with the little roll of bank notes clasped tightly in her hands.

"To think," she murmured, "I have sixty dollars—all my own, and I earned it. I who am not yet sixteen; and I can get back that brooch, that precious brooch of Mamma's. I wonder how much it will be. The jeweller only gave me thirty dollars for it, and of course there'll be enough left of this to get me a new dress, a pair of shoes, and a collar. These will last me till next time. Oh, I am so glad, so glad I can get that brooch back, I who would not have sold it for anything in the world, but to get Mamma, dear Mamma, buried respectably. Oh, it is the first Christmas since ——" here the girl gave way; the light faded from her face as the shadows of memory rushed over it; she burst into tears, and sat down on a low cricket before the fire, and sobbed as the lonely and the living sob for the dead.

Christiana Lynde had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister. The few years of her life were thickly mottled with shadows, although a few words will tell her history.

Her father, who was a clergyman, died soon after her birth. Her mother was a gentle, sensitive woman, from an old, but decayed English family, who had come to America to repair their fortunes. Mrs. Lynde's husband left her no property, and her own barely managed to support her and her child, as the lady became an invalid soon after her husband's death. She had never been accustomed to the practice of economy, and habit and her failing health rendered the luxuries of life necessities with her. So year by year her small fortune disappeared, and at length, with the remnants of it, she retired to the village of Pentonville, as all her immediate relations were dead, and she needed country air and quiet. Here she resided several years, failing slowly, but still superintending the education of her daughter. The last year of her life, her faculties became partially paralysed, and the entire care of the household devolved upon her daughter, whose mind was thus stimulated to precocious activity. They were obliged to dispense with their only domestic, and at last Christiana was forced to dispose of a portion of their furniture to procure her mother's medicine, and the few delicacies which tempted her failing appetite.

With rare discretion in one so young, the child of fifteen concealed their straightened circumstances from her mother, who little imagined, as she lay in the bedroom of her small cottage, that the parlor and chamber were stripped of their furniture.

At last the end came, and the gentle, long-suffering invalid roused, for a brief interval, to the full possession of her faculties, gave her child some advice respecting her course in future, and then blessing the broken-hearted girl, the life of Mrs. Lynde went slowly down under the old solemn arches of the River of Death. Christiana Lynde woke from the first paralysis induced by the loss of her mother, to find that immediate action on her part would alone secure her mother from a charitable burial, from which the soul of the proud, sensitive girl utterly revolted. They had but few acquaintances in the village of Pentonville, and although these were very kind in rendering her any neighborly offices, still she could not endure the thought of applying to them for means to defray the expenses of her mother's funeral.

There was but one resource left; her mother had a valuable brooch, the sole relic of "better days," which Mrs. Lynde had greatly prized because it belonged to her mother, and both ladies had worn it at their bridals. It cost Christiana a great effort to part with this brooch, so precious because of its associations, but there was no alternative. She prevailed upon a neighbor to take her to Boston, the morning after her mother's death, disposed of the brooch for forty dollars, after receiving a promise from the jeweller that she should have it for sixty, if she called for it within four months.

This money, with that neighborly assistance which country people usually render each other in times of trouble, defrayed the expenses of the quiet funeral. Then Christiana Lynde bestirred herself, for she had that hard problem for the young and tender to solve; that problem which Carlyle says "is the first of all philosophy, the keeping of soul and body together." Persistent energy is sure to triumph sooner or later, and in a short time the

young girl obtained the situation of District school teacher, in the village of Pentonville, and her first term had closed the week before Christmas.

The young teacher was still sitting with her head bowed on her hands, before the fire, when there was a loud shout at the door, and then five noisy, bright-faced boys and girls broke into the room, and the little, silent figure in the corner sprang up, and put on smiles again at the joy of the children; smiles partly assumed, partly real, for Christiana was very young, and those who suffer early have great recuperative power. So the children gathered round her with noisy, gleeful shouts, and held up their toys for her to examine, and the oldest boy, James Price, placed in her own a small, but very pretty carved work-box, neatly furnished with needles and tape, thimble and thread, saying, with a smile and a blush,

"Please ma'am, Mother says it's your 'merry Christmas' from all of us children."

Then the glad tears leaped up to the little teacher's eyes, as she took the gift, and felt that she, too, orphaned though she was, was not among all God's creatures desolate.

—

"A little more in the centre, Mattie; there, now, the orange buds are just right. Oh, don't they look exquisite?"

"Don't they, though!" and the two fair young bridesmaids stepped back, and surveyed, with looks of intense admiration, the blushing girl who was to take upon herself, in about four hours, the new name of wife.

She looked very beautiful as she stood there, blushing up softly through the bridal veil she was "trying on," and whose embroidery fell all about her, like some silver cloud that embosses a May sky at noon.

"We shall have a beautiful evening. Mamma was saying, this morning, she never saw a finer New Year's day. Ah, Genevra, darling, it's a good sign to have fair weather at one's bridal."

"Is it, Lottie?" responded the destined bride, half abstractedly. "Come, girls, do take these things off, and let me have a little rest. You don't know how worn out I am, with trying on finery, looking at the cake, giving all sorts of orders, and kept in a state of constant excitement. I declare, if I'd known what work it was to get married, I don't believe I'd ever consented, ever in the world."

The bridesmaids clapped their hands, and a peal of laughter thrilled the room and the hall, and floated down the stairs, and caught the ear of a young girl who stood on the steps.

"Well, now, poor Genevra," said Lottie, with a little kindly satire in her voice, while she unclasped the bridal veil, "as you have martyrized yourself to this terrible work of getting married, do tell what jewelry you are to wear on the occasion."

"Nothing!"

"Nothing!" echoed the bridesmaid, in dismay.

"Nothing except a brooch Norman sent me last Wednesday, for a Christmas gift. You see he is not partial to jewelry, and would rather I wear very little."

"But the brooch, do pray, let's see it."

Genevra Wild stepped to her drawer, took out a small pearl box, and handed it to her friends.

"How strange! how beautiful!" cried the fair girls, as they bent over the rare brooch, or held it up so that the sunbeams sprinkled its cluster of carbuncles, and leaves of emerald.

Just then, Betty put her head inside the door. "There's a young lady who wants to see you a few moments, very much, Miss Genevra."

"Oh, dear! who is she?" in tired, pettish tones.

"I don't know, Ma'am. I never seed her face before, but she is very urgent. I'm in an awful hurry, too," answered Betty, whose long services in the family gave her a certain familiarity with her mistress.

"I wouldn't see her, Genevra," interposed Lottie; "it's probably some curious, intrusive person who wishes to find out all she can about the wedding. Beside that, it's quite time we got to work at your hair."

"She says she won't detain you but a minute, and she wants to see you quite alone; so I axed her into your Ma's bedroom," subjoined Betty.

Perhaps Genevra's curiosity was a little stimulated, and perhaps she was glad of a few moments release from the dreaded process of hair-dressing, for she said, after a moments' thought, "Well, I guess I'll see her, girls—only a moment, you know;" she hurried from the room, down the stairs, and found there a small, girlish figure, draped in black.

"I heard you wished to have a private interview with me," said the soft voice of Genevra Wild; and she bowed with that grace so peculiar and habitual to her.

"Yes;" the girl's manner was fluttered, and there was mingled eagerness and embarrassment in her voice. "I hope you will pardon

my intrusion, but Mr. Sells directed me to come here, and I couldn't leave without seeing you."

"Mr. Sells! I think there must be some mistake."

"No; I am certain this was the number. I mean Mr. Sells, the jeweller, on Park street, the one to whom I sold my mother's brooch."

Genevra started.

"Your mother's brooch!"

"Yes; he said he remembered writing the name himself, on the envelope of the box, as the gentleman who bought it wished it sent immediately to Miss Genevra Wild."

"And will you tell me what sort of a brooch it was?" asked Genevra, much interested.

"It was a rose of carbuncles, with leaves of emerald. It was my mother's last gift," and here the voice trembled, and tears forced themselves into the speaker's brown eyes. "Mr. Sells promised to keep it for me three months, but the term expired two weeks ago, and I had not the money until now."

"I have a brooch like that you describe. A friend brought it me for a Christmas gift," said Genevra, and there was wonder and pity in her tones, as she looked on the pale, young girl.

"It must be the same. I would not have parted with it for the world, except —— except to bury my mother;" here Christiana Lynde broke down utterly, and the tears chased themselves over her soft, thin cheeks.

Genevra was greatly touched. "I knew nothing of this," she answered, "neither did the friend who bought the brooch for me. And now I suppose you want it again."

A quick, hungry eagerness kindled up the large eyes of the girl. "Oh, I will give you every dollar I possess on earth for it. You see it belonged to my grandmother, and she and my mother both wore it to their bridals; it almost broke my heart to part with it as I did; but I earned the money to regain it, and now ——"

Her lips closed over these words, but her face said the rest.

And Genevra Wild looked at the friendless orphan girl, whose only portion was her mother's brooch, and she thought, as she had never thought before, of the wide difference between her guest and herself. She felt, then, for a moment, what she really was; the spoiled, petted child of fortune, with all this world's gifts poured on her young head, even to that one which is the crowning glory of a woman's life. She felt it, and the good rose up in the soul of Genevra Wild. She stepped quickly to Christiana Lynde, and laid her hand, almost caressingly, on the young girl's shoulder. "You shall have the brooch," she said, "for you have a far better claim to it than I, but I should like it just this one night—it is my bridal—are you not willing I should wear it?" and the tears came into the lady's blue eyes.

"To be sure you shall," cried the eager voice of Christiana. "How shall I thank you for this. I do not know as I can pay you as much as you gave the jeweller, but you shall have all I have," and she drew out her purse.

Genevra put it softly back. "I shall restore it to you," she said, firmly, but with a smile that made her words very sweet, "without any remuneration. It is enough that you permit me to wear the brooch to-night. It seems, somehow, as if there was a holy influence about it."

Poor as Christiana was, she had all the pride of the race she came from, and she would have urged the contents of her purse on her hostess, had she not seen it would be quite useless to do so. She tried to thank her hostess, but broke down here, utterly, and Genevra stood by her side, and her soft, fluttering hands kept up their caress on the young girl's shoulder.

At last Christiana grew calmer, and rose up.

"If you will come, or send for the brooch, any time after to-morrow, you shall have it. I will leave it with Mamma."

And Christiana remembered that Deacon Ritter was to be in town that week, and she said, "I will send for it."

And then taking the lady's hands, and looking into the fair, girlish face, she said, "And now may God bless your bridal, and all your after life, because of this you have done for me."

"Amen!" said Genevra, bending her head solemnly.

And so the two girls kissed each other, and separated.

"Genevra Wild, I want to know if the fact that you are to be married to-night has entirely escaped your mind?" was Lottie's and Mattie's first exclamation, as the bride returned to her chamber. "Here it is nearly five o'clock, continued the latter, and not the first thing done to your hair yet. Do, Lottie, light that gas, and set, Genevra, yourself down in that chair."

And she obeyed. "Don't scold me for my long absence, girls," she said, in a low voice, and then she lapsed into silence.

And the vivacious girls grew silent, too, thinking how the solemn foreshadowing of that

new wifehood she was about to take upon herself must have visited Genevra's soul, and so, silent and thoughtful, the preparations for the bridal went on, and the stars of the New Year's night came up softly, and wrote their glorious rhetoric on the sky.

—

"Now, Norman, are you not quite satisfied? Did I not do just as you would have me?"

They were standing together in the deep embrasure of the parlor window—Norman Rood and his newly-made wife. She looked very fair that morning, in her tasteful brown traveling dress and hat, and she held in one ungloved hand a small pearl box, on whose snowy cushions rested the antique brooch.

The bridegroom was a fine looking young man, by no means handsome, but he had an impressive bearing, and a manly, individual face.

"Yes, darling, you did quite right, and just like your own, true, generous self;" and the young husband looked down very fondly on the beautiful young creature he had taken to his heart and his life.

A soft blush fluttered into her cheeks.

"You know, Norman, I hated to part with it because it was your gift; but really she had the best right to it."

"Decidedly the best, dear, and ——"

"Come, come, Genevra, this won't do," interrupted the bride's mother, as she came with a half-pleased, half-bustling air toward the newly-married couple. "I think you and Norman owe a little attention to your guests, and I'm sure you've had billing and cooing enough for the past year. Besides, the carriage will be here in a few moments."

"You go into the parlor, Norman, and make yourself agreeable," laughed the bride, and then drawing her mother aside, she talked with her a few minutes, very earnestly, and ended by placing the pearl box in her mother's hand, and saying, eagerly, "I may depend upon your seeing that the brooch is restored!"

"You may depend upon me, my child; there, the carriage has come."

—

Eight years have passed. It was a bright, but rather blustering day in early March. In the pleasant parlor of a modest, but genteel looking residence in the suburbs of the city, sat a young and fine-looking man, with a boy of some six years by his side, playing with his cane. He was a remarkably beautiful child, though his deep, golden curls, his fair complexion, and sunny blue eyes, bore little resemblance to his father.

"Shall you like to live here awhile, Gerald, my boy," said the parent, looking down fondly on his son.

The child's eyes wandered around the small, tastefully furnished parlor.

"I don't know, Papa. Can I have my rocking-horse, and play kite, and go sleighing every day?"

"My poor child, I'm afraid the lady will find you a 'spoiled boy,'" sighed the parent.

At that moment the mistress of the house entered the parlor.

"Mr. Rood, I believe!" she said, with her soft, lady-like voice and smile.

"Yes; and have I the honor of addressing Miss Lynde?" asked the gentleman, with a bow whose grace was somewhat marred by his look of extreme astonishment, as it rested on the lady. She was so unlike what he had fancied, this small, delicate girl-woman, who looked as if she had hardly come out of her teens, while the gentleman had expected to confront some tall, sedate, maiden lady, the very antipodes of the one that stood fair, and apparently almost in her first youth, before him, for Christiana Lynde did not look her years, and they were only twenty-five.

"I am she, sir, and this is the little boy about whom you wrote me," and she gazed down tenderly on the sweet, upturned face of the child.

"Yes; this is my little Gerald, and as my business imperatively summons me to Europe for this Summer, I wanted to find some quiet, pleasant home for the child, and the friend of whom I wrote assures me that I can obtain this with you. He has been motherless for two years," and the man's voice shook, "and the death of my wife broke her mother's heart, so I have no one with whom to leave my boy."

There were tears in the soft eyes of the young teacher, as she asked, "Will you come to me, my boy?" and Gerald looked at her a moment, and then went up to her, and she took the child on her lap, and smoothed his shining curls, and looking at the two, then, Mr. Rood thought, "I can trust the child with her."

So the arrangements were all consummated that morning. It was settled that Gerald Rood should join the company of half dozen boys and girls, which Miss Lynde received into her house as boarding scholars, while she had a day school of some thirty other children.

You can readily divine, reader, that to accomplish all this without fortune, or for a long time influential friends, Christiana Lynde must have been no ordinary woman. In that small, delicate figure was comprised a world of persistent energy, and early misfortune had developed and matured it at an age which made the contrast between her appearance and her achievements a very forcible one. She had remained a district school-teacher, in Pentonville, for nearly two years; then an opportunity offering, she had removed to the city, where she enjoyed greater advantages for educating herself, and established a private infant school, which gradually expanded, until she resolved to take a home of her own, on discovering an opportunity of receiving a couple of scholars into her family. The first year she had met her expenses, and the next partially paid for her furniture. So God had blessed the young orphan, and she was now a cultivated, symmetrical, and Christian gentlewoman. She was happy in the midst of her duties, and among her children, but there were times when the deep heart of Christiana Lynde yearned for that one fountain of tenderness which, for her, in the wide world "was not."

—

Eight months had passed. It was Christmas eve, and the young teacher sat in her room, loading a great hemlock branch with gifts for her children; now and then their soft, gleeful breaks of laughter rose up from the room below, and a happy smile started over the lady's lips as she continued her work. She paused suddenly, for there came the quick running patter of child's feet along the passage, an eager hand grasped the handle of her locked door, and then a child's voice shouted up sudden and glad, "Miss Lynde, Papa has come! Papa has come!"

—

"How well and happy my boy is looking, and he is greatly attached to you. I do not know with what words to thank you for all your care, Miss Lynde," said Mr. Rood, half an hour later, as he sat with the young teacher, and Gerald was fluttering between them.

"You need not seek for the words, Mr. Rood. The care has brought its own reward," and as the boy rushed up to her, Christiana bent down, and passed her hand caressingly over his fair face. Her guest started suddenly, though unseen by her. Then he, too, bent down, and glanced at something on her waist, and as she lifted her head, a curious, significant glance met it.

"Miss Lynde," he said, with a little abruptness, and yet very earnestly, "will you pardon me for asking permission to look at that brooch you wear? It is a very singular one."

"Yes; it was my mother's," returned the lady, as she unclasped it from her collar, and laid it in the gentleman's hand. "I do not often wear it, only on festivals, or something of the kind."

"Yes; it is the very same. I should have recognized it anywhere," he said, more to himself than to his hostess. Then turning quickly to her, "May I ask you, also, Miss Lynde, if you ever parted with this for a short time?"

She looked surprised, and the color came into her cheeks. "I did."

"And it came into the possession of a lady who returned it to you!"

"How do you know all this?" interrogated the astonished teacher.

"That lady was my wife—the mother of my boy!"

"Is it possible! is it possible!" her lips quivered out the words, and then, as memory brought up the sad scenes of her youth before her, and her meeting with the joyous young bride, the lady bowed her head, and burst into tears.

—

The Winter was not quite gone, and yet Norman Rood had grown to be a very frequent guest at Miss Lynde's. The two sat together that night in her parlor, and she was just folding up a paper from which she had been reading a little stray poem which sparkled among its prosy columns like rare diamonds.

"It is beautiful, exceedingly," murmured the gentleman, but it was in an abstracted tone, as though he had not half listened to the words, and then he leaned forward, and said, abruptly, "I wish you would wear that brooch, Miss Lynde."

"Do you?" she looked surprised, yet, perhaps, not quite so much as the strange speech might have warranted, for she and her guest had grown very well acquainted.

"I will put it on the next time you come."

"Thank you; but I shall be better pleased to see you wear it another time. Shall I tell you when?"

"If you please."

"And will you promise to wear it?"

"Yes; if you wish it."

"Christiana," she started quickly, as he thus addressed her; "that brooch has been worn at three bridals. I wish, now, you would wear it at another!"

"At whose?" she said, but her voice was faint, and the quick widening of color in her cheek told that she half anticipated the answer.

"Yours and mine."

She did not answer now, only with an agitated gesture she placed her hand over her eyes.

Norman Rood rose up, and drew softly, but tenderly, that fair, small hand away, and looked down into the clear, warm depths of Christiana Lynde's soft eyes. Her lashes drooped over them, but not before he had read ——

"Christiana, you promised to wear the brooch when I wished. You will not recant what you said. You will be my wife, my boy's mother, loved tenderly as she, and not with the love of my youth, but of my manhood."

For a little while there was silence, but he knew, by the rapid throbbing of her pulse, by the changes that hurried over her white face, that the heart and soul of Christiana Lynde, were stirred within her.

"Say, oh, say you will wear it, *then*. I cannot bear this," he whispered, putting his face down close to hers, and his voice quivered as a man's only does when his future hangs on the answer of a woman.

She looked up, and he knew, then, even before she said the words, "I will wear it, Norman, my mother's brooch."

"MY HEART AND I."

BY J. A. B.

"I AM tired," said I, "of darkness;
Fears and doubts beset the soul;
Weary, fainting, here we wander
Ever further from the goal.
Life is full of stern endeavor,
Bearing only fruit of pain,
Where we vainly sigh for pleasures
That will ne'er return again."

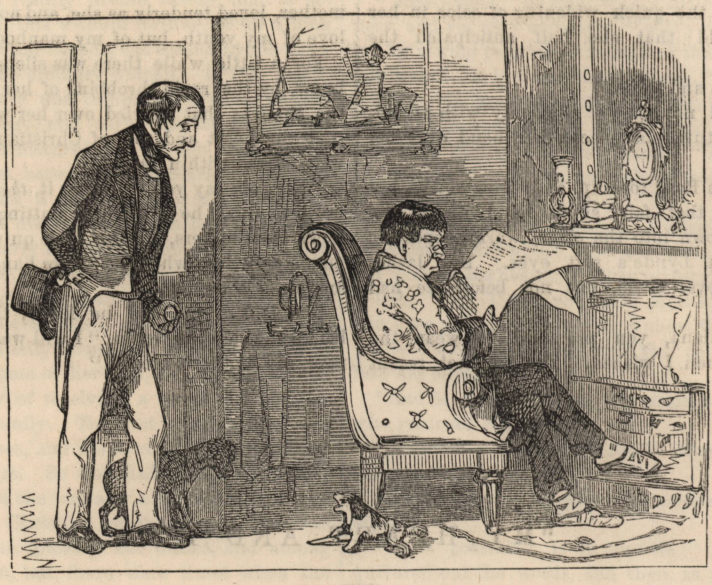
But my heart refused to listen to the breathings of despair,
And only blest Our Father who had sent the cross to bear.
While I knelt in cheerless darkness, in sorrow and in sin,
And prayed the waiting angel of Heaven to let me in,
While I gazed to the dark westward, where the daylight fled away,
My heart had caught the glory of another coming day.

"Still I live," said I, "to suffer,
While with anguish, and with dread,
The happier here, are driven
Down to the waiting dead;
And ties of love are broken,
Joys lost I ne'er shall see,
When they go shuddering to their doom,
And life is left for me."

"Nay," said my heart, "thou learnest to *suffer and be strong;*
Why should'st thou grieve, and murmur, or call His time too long!"
Of the night comes starry splendor, of sorrow faith is born,
And on the steps of midnight follows close the rosy morn;
For we lay aside the mantle of sorrow and of grief,
When the soul can stand triumphant in the *sunshine of belief*.

And when that fearful moment comes when we must stand or fall,
When we yield to powers of darkness, or to the God of all,
Thrice blessed they who triumph o'er the sorrows of to-day,
Whose life-barks, thence, are steering evermore the heavenward way.
Tho' their feet may sometimes wander, and their sky be overcast,
The *homeward bound*, in safety, will reach the port at last,
When He who standeth at the helm, who binds the winds at will,
To sorrow's surging billows hath whispered, "Peace, be still!"

Orwell, Vt.



THE MAN WHO TRIED TO BORROW HIMSELF OUT OF DEBT.

THERE are a great many difficult, and some impossible things; but no matter how difficult or impossible a thing may be, you will always find people in the world ready to undertake its accomplishment, whether it be the discovery of perpetual motion, or the equally romantic attempt to get out of debt by borrowing.

Of all the hard work in the world, to live by borrowing, is, perhaps, the hardest, and of all the mean work in the world, that is about the meanest. Pride, independence, and self-respect, one after the other, are sacrificed, until the man sinks into contempt.

Peter Oglethorpe was not a borrower by profession. He had started in life with a small patrimony, and worked along, independently, until his fiftieth year, when losses in trade deprived him of the means of paying certain obligations, and he found himself suddenly involved in trouble.

"Mr. Oglethorpe," said a man who came into his office one morning about this time, "I want you to settle that account."

"It is impossible to do so now, Mr. Spicer. Wholly impossible. You have heard of my trouble?" Mr. Oglethorpe exhibited both distress and agitation.

"No; I have trouble enough of my own, without looking after that of other people," was rather gruffly answered. He had heard of the trouble, however, and had called among the first, to secure his debt if possible.

"I have met heavy losses," said Mr. Oglethorpe. "Losses that cover more than I am worth. At a time when I expected to be easy and comfortable, I find myself suddenly thrown to the wall."

"What do you purpose doing?" asked Mr. Spicer, abruptly.

"Doing justly," was answered, with some dignity of manner.

"No one doubts that," said the creditor, softening considerably. "But what are the steps you propose taking?"

"My trouble is so recent," replied Oglethorpe, "that I remain undecided as to the best course of action. But, of one thing you may be certain, there will be no preference of one creditor over another. All will be treated alike."

"Then you mean to stop payment?"

"If I have lost the means of payment, how am I to pay my obligations?"

"You are evidently putting the worst face upon your affairs, Mr. Oglethorpe." The visitor's manner underwent a further change. "Let me suggest a different course of action."

"Say on." Mr. Oglethorpe cast his eyes to the floor, and bent his head in silent attention.

"Don't think of giving up in this way." The tone of Mr. Spicer was insinuating.

"But how am I to go forward?" was the debtor's prompt interrogation. "For instance, I owe you two hundred dollars, and you want the money."

"I do."

"Very well! And what next?"

"Borrow."

"Borrow!"

"Yes. You have many friends who will take pleasure in giving you temporary aid. This disaster may not prove so serious as you imagine, and you may be able to struggle through, and recover yourself without a shadow being cast on your good name. If you suffer present obligations to be dishonored, remember that your reputation must receive a stain. This cannot be avoided. There are men who have no word but 'dishonest' with which to designate those who fail to pay them what is due, no matter what causes produce the failure. Think of this, Mr. Oglethorpe, and weigh well the consequences, before you take the doubtful step you have proposed to yourself. You have a family, and for their sakes, do not permit this disgrace to come upon you and them."

Mr. Oglethorpe was partially stunned by this. He had not thought of disgrace—only of misfortune. He sat for some time like one stupefied.

"Don't give up, sir! Don't give up!" Mr. Spicer laid his hand on the arm of Mr. Oglethorpe, and spoke cheerily. "Never let it be said that you permitted an obligation to remain uncancelled. Put on a brave, cheerful face, and you will go through. I can wait until to-morrow for my money. That will give you time to turn around. And whenever you want aid or counsel, remember that Jacob Spicer is your friend."

The creditor's counsels prevailed. Mr. Oglethorpe, instead of standing up bravely, and meeting his trouble face to face, began the hopeless task of borrowing himself out of debt. He was involved beyond his means of payment, about five thousand dollars. His business yielded him a little over twenty-five hundred dollars a year, in net profits; and as his family expenses never exceeded fifteen hundred dollars, he was simply in a condition to pay up in full at the end of five years. To do this, however, a fair arrangement with all his creditors was necessary, and all would have to make concessions in his favor. Strict attention to business was also requisite. Such an arrangement could have been made, and all would have come out right in the end. But unwise counsel prevailed.

On the day following Mr. Spicer's visit, that gentleman received his two hundred dollars, which Mr. Oglethorpe borrowed from a friend, under promise of re-payment on the day after. Another friend furnished the money to make this loan good, and a third supplied the means of taking up a small note that fell due in the meantime. By the end of a week or two, Mr. Oglethorpe was fairly inducted into the mysteries and miseries of borrowing. His line of accommodation in this direction, had already reached the sum of two thousand dollars, a part of which had been received from a professional lender, who charged the moderate interest of half per cent. a day. To keep this large accumulation ahead of him was no easy task, and our borrower found but little time on his hands for the ordinary duties required in business. Steadily this accumulation went on, until it reached the full sum of his losses, and steadily it increased by the addition of excessive interests, while the poor man's income decreased in consequence of his neglect of business.

Jacob Spicer never loaned Mr. Oglethorpe a single dollar. His advice had been given selfishly and heartlessly. To get the whole of a small claim, he had been willing to lead an honest, but not clear-sighted man, into a wrong way that led to certain worldly ruin. Many times, in cases of extremity, had Mr. Oglethorpe called upon Spicer, but always the same cold refusal met his applications. The shrewd, unscrupulous man knew that the end must come; that, sooner or later, Oglethorpe must be driven under, and he was not going to have even a trifling risk in so leaky a ship.

One day, it was over a year from the time Mr. Oglethorpe began his up-hill work, the embarrassed man found himself in more than usual trouble. There were notes to pay, and sums of borrowed money to return, making an aggregate that exceeded two thousand dollars. With feelings scarcely more pleasant than the criminal's on his way to trial, Mr. Oglethorpe entered his place of business, and, without even glancing over the morning paper, sat down at his desk, and began to figure up the day's payments. A sigh that almost betrayed itself in a groan, gave painful evidence that the result had been reached.

"Twenty-three hundred!" he said to himself, and his heart sunk within him. "Where so large an amount is to come from, is beyond my skill to guess. Ah, me! This matter is growing worse and worse. The night gets darker and darker. My feet are more entangled to-day, than they were six months ago. Instead of finding my way out of this labyrinth

of embarrassment, I am getting more and more involved, and I fear even the clue is lost. All my time is spent in money raising, to the neglect of business, and its consequent decline. Heaven help me! I fear the case is hopeless."

The unhappy man sat in this gloomy state for some time, then aroused himself, and started forth on his daily round of solicitation. He had twenty-three hundred dollars to raise, and must be active if he expected to get through. It is not our purpose to follow him step by step. Almost any reader can imagine the trials, disappointments, and humiliations attendant on the work he had taken in hand. At two o'clock, Mr. Oglethorpe found himself still short about five hundred dollars. Where was the amount to come from? He had exhausted every resource within reach, and in order to collect his thoughts, had returned to his place of business. Weary, wretched, and sick in body and mind, was the poor, harassed, almost broken down borrower. Thought turned everywhere, but could discover no new resource.

"Perhaps something might be obtained from Spicer," was at last suggested. But the suggestion was thrown aside as soon as offered. It came up again, was revolved for a moment or two, and again dismissed.

"It will never do to give up!" A feeling of desperation caused Mr. Oglethorpe to start to his feet, as he said this. "Something must be done. I will see Spicer. He can help me, and he must."

And without waiting for reconsideration, he started forth again. A rapid walk brought him, in a few minutes, to the store of Mr. Spicer.

"Went home an hour ago," was the answer which met his inquiry.

"Do you expect him to return before three o'clock?"

"No. He is unwell, and said, on leaving, that he would not be at the store again to-day."

Miserable, Mr. Oglethorpe turned slowly away.

"It is my last chance," said he to himself, as he gained the street. "This man must be seen, or all is lost."

And so he went to the home of Mr. Spicer.

"Who wants to see me!" He heard this interrogation made in no amiable tone, as the servant who answered the bell went back to announce the visitor. To the servant's reply, came this further question:

"Did you say I was in?"

"Yes sir."

"Confound him! What does he come bothering me here for? Show him in!"

It was too late for retreat. Feeling like a culprit, poor Oglethorpe, with a forlorn aspect, entered the room where Spicer awaited him.

"Well, sir! What's wanted!" roughly interrogated the bear in his den.

"I— I— I am short to d-d-day, a few hundred dollars," stammered out Oglethorpe.

"Well, what's that to me?" returned Spicer, with a roughness akin to his nature.

"Nothing—only—but, you see, it's hard on to three o'clock—and—and—"

Oglethorpe choked, and could say no more.

"Well," growled Spicer, "let three o'clock come, and the quicker it comes, the better for you, and all miserable fools like you."

"Sir!" This outrage penetrated beyond the borrower, and reached the man. Oglethorpe's cringing manner gave way to an erecter attitude, and his face of depressed solicitation, changed its look to one of indignant feeling. "Sir, this is mean as well as cruel," he said, with a sternness of tone that added anger to the other's ill-nature, and made him still more reckless of speech.

"The truth may always be spoken, and if it hurts, it is because it tells home," retorted Spicer, with increasing asperity of manner. "You are a miserable fool, and have been playing the fool for over a year, as all other men do, who start upon that worst of all fool's errands, borrowing themselves out of debt; a man may *work* himself out of debt, but he might as well try to empty the ocean with an oyster shell, as to *borrow* himself out of debt. There, sir, you have my sentiments; and I hope they will do you good."

Without a word of reply, Mr. Oglethorpe turned away, and left the house. The truth which came from the lips of Spicer was a sharp sword that cut away down into the heart of conviction.

"Yes; I am a fool!" he muttered between his teeth, as he strode off. "I was a fool to take a knave's advice in the beginning, and a greater fool not to have discovered my own folly. Three o'clock may come now. The vain struggle is over. The long dreaded day is here. I am a ruined man!"

Just two thousand dollars worse off was Mr. Oglethorpe, than when he began the task of trying to borrow himself out of debt. Neglect of business, and excessive interests, were the causes that produced this result. But his creditors were not hard upon him. They knew the man to be honest at heart, and pitied his misfortunes. Full time to *work* himself out of trouble was granted; and he did *work* himself out, though it cost him years of active devotion to business.

O. P. Q.

LIFE-TAKING.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

If the taking of lives is one of the most difficult and dangerous of operations, there is certainly nothing more pleasant than that affectionate leaning toward the successfully accomplished task, that indulgent and forgiving criticism, which pardons differences and blunders even while sitting in judgment, to say nothing of that slender self-complacence which incautiously imagines that it could have done the operation better.

Horrid man! does the reader exclaim? By no means. The most delicate taste must bear us out in the assertion.

To come directly to the point, there is nothing so difficult of accomplishment as a thorough, well-proportioned, carefully considered, honest, affectionate, exhaustive, in a word, *well-taken*, biographical history. The work is one in which more failures have been made, in proportion to the very commendable attempts put forth, than in any other department of literary construction. And miserable failures have many of them been. The reader can call to mind, perhaps, scores of them. We shall instance but two, each—with all the prodigious calculations made at the outset of its preparation, the hard study, the careful accumulation of materials—entirely sufficient for a triumphant result if artistically used and harmoniously cemented together, in short, the dignified and decisive intention, but the crude, weak, and most unsatisfactory performance, standing a lasting memorial of the insufficiency of the hands that made the attempt. Of these, the best known in this country is John C. Hamilton's recent abortive attempt at a biography of his distinguished father; characterized by a searching reviewer in the *Atlantic* (Hamilton Junior must wish him at the bottom of the Atlantic) as a "comic history," and the inaugurative effort at a new system of fanciful writing; and by another critical wag as a work which must forever give its author a bad eminence, since it is so plainly a most cool and calculating attempt upon his father's life. The other is the less known Life and Memoirs of James Montgomery, prepared with extraordinary care, and most remarkable bad taste by two of the deceased poet's friends, and filling seven bulky octavo volumes. The one has become the laughing stock of England, as the other has of this country.

In proportion, however, as a good biography is difficult of accomplishment, is the delight of the reader secured upon its successful issue. Biography-writing is among the most ancient of arts, and has been a grand source for the communication of genuine pleasure to the world, in all ages. Literature cannot produce another page which so genially takes hold of the sympathies of men, since the two great passions which make literature alike a pastime and a pursuit—the love of amusement and the love of knowledge—may be more certainly gratified in a good biography than in any other product of literary labor. The *Quarterly Review* has well expressed it: "These"—the passions for knowledge and amusement—"have a joint gratification," it says, "in a thorough good 'Life,' where some important action of the history of the world is dramatically embodied in one figure, and we are made to pass through great events, in good company, and almost with the emotions of a contemporary. Accordingly, one of the few classical authors who has domesticated himself among the moderns, is the pleasant and garrulous Plutarch. He has managed to get letters of naturalization among us, and to escape the popular terror attached to the name of Greek. Probably, too, that incomparable biography, the Agricola, is more read than any other work of Tacitus; though the general world, we fear, will have to wait long for a translation that shall do justice to its pregnant epigram and its brilliant colors. Every day we may see something analagous going on with respect to our native authors. Johnson's Lives of the Poets is outliving his London, while Boswell is tending to supplant the Doctor himself. Middleton's Cicero is at least talked of yet, which is more than can be said for his Essays on Ecclesiastical History, or his controversies with Bentley; while Southey's Nelson bids fair to be read by generations almost ignorant of the name of his Thalaba." Instances might be multiplied, for Time is adding to the number every day.

In the construction of a biography, genius of a peculiar character is required. It should combine the two great essential qualities of a genius for Art, and a genius for something higher than Art; the one to give to the work the touch of the painter, the skilful artistic finish; the other to endow it with the more

rare, but more necessary qualification of the philosopher and man of science (and herein do most biographies fail) which shall perfectly, introspectively interpret the hero's individuality, and genially grasp the delicate shades of his temperament and sensibility.

A biography must present us with something more than a mere reflex of the man whose actions are recorded and whose character is considered. If the biographer be in earnest he will show us that he can conceive of past life as of something that once lived and breathed, "as surely and warmly as anything we see now." We must, therefore, behold the hero moving, acting, controlling, subordinating; we must feel the impress of his character; in his every movement must we be able to trace him as surely as in his single great achievements, noting the secret impulses as well as the marked characteristics, until we are made to feel the fire of his eye, the touch of his hand, even the music of his voice, and note but insensibly his bodily absence. The same life-infusing soul that enables the painter to delineate his inspirations upon the canvas till it glows and breathes as with life, the same coloring and management are absolutely necessary to the biographer who would infuse into his work the consummate genius of the artist. The most elaborate perfection of detail, without this genius, is vain to accomplish such a result. As with the historian, so is it "one of the highest merits of a biographer to know what to omit." And above all should he keep himself out of his narrative, or, at least, exercise that severity toward himself that will free his mind from the too common mistake of life-writers, falling into which they seem to fancy a biography but another name for an autobiography.

Of recent examples of success in life-taking, we may point to Dr. Elder's Life of Dr. Kane, * as the most undoubted and distinguished. "Tried by the best critical standard of biography, Dr. Elder's work will take rank among the classic models." Familiar as had become the name of the great Explorer to every reader, by his own written account of the wonderful Arctic voyage which martyred him at last, "the pen of another was needed to tell us of sufferings, and struggles, and triumphs, which the hero would never reveal, and to show us how this splendid character grew to its meridian brightness." "This, the burden of his task," says an elegant reviewer in the *Evening Journal*, "Dr. Elder has executed with keen insight, rare judgment, and felicity of style." We behold the Arctic explorer in his childhood, startling the family with small feats of daring—displaying his impatience under the rigid system of the school—not learning much according to the schoolmaster, but acquiring with facility and rapidity, those studies which attracted his peculiar disposition; earning the character of a bad boy by his self-will and mischievous pranks, but loved and admired by everybody. Then we see him at the University of Virginia, conscious of the defects of his education, buckling down to his studies in the classics, mathematics, and natural science—taking his first lessons in exploration on the Blue Ridge, and suddenly brought to the verge of the grave by an attack of that acute inflammatory rheumatism and cardiac disease which afflicted him periodically and terribly to the end of his career. Upon his recovery we behold, "instead of fretfulness, capriciousness, and valetudinarianism, our young hero sedate, earnest, calm, kind, gentle, and steadily industrious." He next appears as a student of medicine in Philadelphia, the beautiful city of his birth, and in discharge of the responsible duties of Resident Physician of the Pennsylvania Hospital. Here he prosecuted a series of investigations, to verify the discovery of a new substance in medicine, the result of which, as set forth in his thesis, upon receiving the diploma of the University, gained him an honorable mention among the most renowned professors of medical science. And all this before he was twenty-one years of age. It was during this period that the young doctor's cardiac disease assumed the most threatening form; and we are shown that the restless, persevering activity which marked his subsequent career was a physical necessity, as well as a consequence of a determination to be constantly doing. Next we are shown young Kane as a surgeon in the Navy—a service which he loathed—and we follow him in his first voyage to foreign lands. The trip to China, and subsequent travels in India, the Phillippines, Egypt, Nubia, Greece, Switzerland, and Germany, are briefly narrated. They were crowded with incident, but Kane lost his journal in the Nile, and a few letters and some memoranda, furnish the only material for this portion of the biography, which is, nevertheless, capitally done. The daring of the hero is illustrated by the descent into the frightful crater on the island of Luzon—an ex-

* Biography of Elisha Kent Kane. By William Elder. With Portrait, and Vignette of Residence and Tomb at Laurel Hill. 1 vol. octavo. Childs & Peterson: Philadelphia.

ploit quite sufficient to immortalize a traveler. His interest in scientific observation was displayed among the ruins of ancient Egypt, where he had the hardihood to ascend the statue of Memnon, at the risk of his neck, to copy some inscriptions which had escaped the French *savans*. Again in 1845-'46, he was home, in Philadelphia, practicing as a city physician. Next we find him on board the frigate United States, bound for the African Slave-coast, where, for months, under a scorching sun, he ministered to those sick of the fever; and, at last, prostrated himself by this terrible disease, he was sent home, his constitution seeming utterly broken down. The Mexican war was then raging, and conquering the infirmities of his body by his iron will, he went, much against the solicitations and entreaties of relatives and friends. Dr. Elder narrates the story of his brief, but eventful, chivalrous, and romantic career in Mexico, in a manner to fairly illustrate the daring bravery and gentle humanity of that wonderful man. It is not necessary to pursue further this excellent biography.—Enough has been said to exhibit its thoroughness, its comprehensiveness, the genius of the author for the task, and the loving and genial interest he has communicated to every page.

An intimate acquaintance with the subject of his biography, and the most enthusiastic and affectionate regard for his memory, are the principal causes of Dr. Elder's success in his work. Apart from the genius, which no acquaintance or acquirement can give, better qualifications in a biographer are impossible. Wanting them he wants everything. Over-enthusiasm is preferable to a want of interest, and positive coldness is downright imposition on the patient public, and crime against the poor unfortunate, whose shades might well cry out against an unsympathizing chronicler. All successful biographies attest the correctness of these different points. Boswell's great Life of Dr. Johnson * —generally pronounced the Monarch of Biographies—in particular, bearing internal evidence of the fact that its great success—the greatest of all success in biography writing—arose from its thoroughness and candor, its genial, sun-shiny spirit, and the well-affected policy that Boswell pursued during his whole life, toward the man whose actions and character he was a life-time recording and estimating. Dr. Shelton Mackenzie's sketchy account of the preparation of this famous work is apposite here, and we make no apology for introducing it to the reader: "A clever book," he says, "written by a pedantic, conceited, self-opinionated, and self-worshipping man, rather loose in morals, and only distinguished by his flunkeyism of Johnson. James Boswell, for over one and twenty years, had placed himself prostrate at the feet of Samuel Johnson, as emphatically and surrenderingly as Man Friday did to Robinson Crusoe on the desert island. Johnson snubbed him, laughed at him, scolded him, but was conquered by the pertinacity of his affectionate submission, and knowing that Boswell was expressly taking notes for the purpose of writing his life, afforded him every facility, by answering all his questions and by communicating dates and private information, which gave accuracy to the Life. The end was the best biography in the language."

One other biography disputes this supremacy, and perhaps with justice. The reader need scarcely be told that this is John Gibson Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott; * a work which, produced under entirely different circumstances from Boswell's vainglorious performance, and written by a man who scorned everything contemptible, sycophantic, and mean, a man between whom and Boswell there is positively no room for comparison, will always take precedence of the other for its candor, generousness, and quick, large-hearted impulses. Produced with equal painstaking and care, and with the same abundant means of material and opportunity at command, the impression which it leaves upon the reader, as a loving tribute from one great mind to another, as a faithful history of times and of men, as a perpetuating record of the virtues and good deeds of the great departed, and even as a work of art, is far, very far more satisfactory than the affectedly modest, self-sufficient work of Lockhart's predecessor. The two works taken together give the literary history of England for an entire century.

A fine subject for a noble biography is the eventful, earnest, extraordinary career of the great Cromarty Stone-mason. But it is yet to be written. The recent biography of Mr. Thomas N. Brown, to which we had looked forward with pleasurable expectation, is an utter failure, and must be classed, in a small way, with the more voluminous attempts of

* Life of Samuel Johnson. By James Boswell. 11 volumes, 32mo. London, 1856.

* Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott. By J. G. Lockhart. A new edition, with Biographical Sketch of the Author. 4 vols., 12mo. New York C. S. Francis & Co., Publishers.

Hamilton, and the Memoirs of Montgomery. The title of the book is a misnomer. It should be called An Exposition of Difficulties between the Scottish Church and State. This would give Mr. Brown an excuse for neglecting as he does the scientific career of Hugh Miller—think of a Life of Hugh Miller, that is *not* a history of his wonderful geological discoveries !—and for passing over his literary achievements in a manner the most unsatisfactory and provoking. Perhaps the only man living who can do justice to Hugh Miller is Peter Bayne, his friend and successor in one or more of his most important posts. It seems to us, therefore, a simple duty that Mr. Bayne should undertake the memoir of his distinguished friend,* for which we are glad to learn he is now collecting and collating materials. We trust it may be as voluminous and thorough a work as we know it will be a genial, an appreciative, and authentic one. Another biography to which we look forward with pleasure, which will treat of one of our own great men, and of an important era in American Politics, is a Memoir of the Life of John Quincy Adams, by Josiah Quincy, L. L. D., now nearly ready. †

Passing over Schœlcher's Life of Handel, ‡ the most valuable contribution of musical historical literature published in many years, and the only capable and thorough life of Handel ever published, Parton's Life of Aaron Burr, a peculiar and striking work, which removes many of the dark stains from Burr's character, and such well known and appreciated biographies as Wirt's Life of Henry, Sparks' and Irving's Lives of Washington, Prior's Life of Goldsmith, Moore's Life of Byron, etc., we come, for our concluding illustration, to the important addition made to biographical literature but recently, the Life of the great Railway Engineer, George Stephenson, by Samuel Smiles.* Here again the salient points of true biography writing are faithfully adhered to. Samuel Smiles evidences on every page of his work a most enthusiastic regard for the memory of the wonderful man, self-made and self-reliant, whose gigantic strides in his profession have marked an era in Railway Science, and will stand, forever, the admiration of the world. Himself a practical man, conversant with railways and railway men, and largely associated with their interests, he unites much valuable practical information, to a cordial appreciation of his subject, and is simply the best man who could have been selected for recording the services to Science of the man in whose career was so largely exhibited the romance of practical life. The story of the early struggles of the poor boy stoker; his hopeful, bold, and self-reliant spirit; the determined perseverance with which he met and conquered the sternest difficulties, and the habits of temperate and persistent industry which he formed, and which never forsook him, "offer examples of skill and patience which may be emulated in some one or more particulars, by every one who has an object in life." And as his life was, so has his biographer pictured it to us—with truthfulness, with care, with earnestness, and with appreciation. The story is "the Epic of Labor," and every man, woman, and child should be familiar with it.

* To be published by Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

† In the press of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston.

‡ The Life of Handel. By M. Victor Schœlcher. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: Mason Brothers, Publishers.

* The Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer. By Samuel Smiles. From the Fourth London Edition. 1 vol., 12mo. Ticknor & Fields, Publishers Boston.

"REGRETS"

ON DECLINING AN INVITATION TO A CHILDREN'S RURAL PARTY,

BY ONE ON THE VERGE OF A SECOND CHILDHOOD.

Said one, "If thou regret thy youth, why live?"
Life is not life when filled with vain regrets;
If thou hast nought but this weak heart to give,
'Twere better far to die, and life forget.

But there is youth anew in viewing youth
In all its freshness—all its purity;
In aiding it to hold its pristine truth;
Aye, there is youth in this sweet sympathy.

So if I meet ye not on this bright day
Of buoyant, happy, frolic jubilee,
My heart is with you—yes 'tis with you aye,
In prayers ye may be ever young and free!

Milney, Aug. 19th, 1858. A. P. C.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

MOTHER'S DEAD!

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"The blinds are all closed, and the sunshine can't get through the chinks, only in little broken lines and dimples!

"Everybody seems so solemn, and they all shake their heads, and look at me so strange, solemn-like, and say, under their breaths, 'Poor, poor child!'

"Last night, too, Papa took me on his knee, and hugged me up close to his heart, and said, 'my poor motherless boy!' and then I felt something drop right on my head, and I'm sure 'twas a great tear.

"Oh, dear! I can't run out and play in the grass, or do anything, there's such a great load away down here in my heart. I got out my playthings this morning, my top, and my kite, and that pretty red balloon Papa got me; but somehow they didn't look as they used to, and I just put 'em all away again.

"Everything seems so changed ever since they led me to look at Mamma lying there in the parlor, in that long box, with her hands folded tight together, and her face so white and cold; I just touched it with my hand, and it made me shiver all over. I asked Martha if she'd always lie there, and if she wouldn't wake up, and she said they'd bury her away down in the ground, and I'd never see my mamma again until I went up to her in Heaven!

"I'm sure I don't know how I shall get along without her. To think she won't ever curl my hair again, and look in my face with her sweet, sweet smile, and say, 'my darling little Harry.'

"And won't she come at night to my room to hear me say 'Now I lay me!' and then tuck me up nice and warm in my crib? I'm a little boy, hardly four years old, they say, and how can I go to sleep at night without I have felt her kiss right here on my cheek.

"And what shall I do when I get into any trouble, when I fall and hurt myself, or the girls are cross, and I haven't Mamma's lap to run and bury my face in, and cry away all the sorrow there!

"And then, how can Papa and I sit all alone at the table without Mamma to pour the tea, and butter my biscuit, and say just how big a piece of cake I may have without its making me sick!

"Oh, dear! dear! shan't I ever see her dear face again. Then Heaven is such a long way off, and if I should walk all day, I shouldn't be any nearer to it, Jane says, because it's a great deal higher than the stars. But I'd walk ever so far to get to her, and when I did, I'd ask God if He wouldn't please to let me stay there always with my mamma!

"There! the tears are running down real fast on my sleeve. I'll run off to some dark corner, where they won't find me, and cry just as hard as I can! Oh, Mamma! Mamma!"

—

Little children reading these words, who have tender, loving mothers to watch over you, kneel down to-night, and pray God, the Father, that He will not take them from you!

HOW TO CURE A FAULT.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

Did you, my young reader, ever try to break yourself of some bad habit, in which you had long indulged? I hope you have. I would not give much for the boy or girl who has not tried to break off from his or her bad habits; and, therefore, I will take it for granted that you, my young friend, have tried your hand at this business. But you did not find it very easy, did you? When you looked at this habit in some calm, thoughtful moment, it appeared very bad to you, and you made such strong resolutions never to indulge in it again, that you was almost sure you never should. But perhaps that same day you did the very thing you was so sure you never should do again.

Have I not told the truth about the kind of work it is to root up these old habits? If we could put aside a bad habit as easily as one can lay aside a coat, when he has no further use for it, it would not be of so much consequence what habits we formed; but this we cannot do.

Now, when one has a very difficult thing to do, it is of very great consequence that he should go to work the *right way* to accomplish it. Many children, when they wish to cure some fault, or correct some bad habit, go to work the *wrong* way to do it, and this is the reason they do not make any progress. I must tell you of a plan adopted by one little boy which was very successful. We will call this little boy George Wilson.

George Wilson was a boy of generous, noble, and affectionate disposition, and when he was in good humor, he was a very pleasant child. But he had an irritable temper, and often indulged in bursts of passion which made him look and appear very unlovely. One evening, when he was in very good humor, his mother thought it a good time to talk with him about this fault of his. She began the conver-

sation by asking him, in a very pleasant way, if he did not sometimes wish that he could overcome his passionate temper. George replied:

"I often wish so, Mother, and I often try, but do not meet with much success."

"Perhaps you do not go the right way to work, my son. Can't you give me some account of the efforts you *have* made?"

"Only yesterday morning," said George, "I resolved to watch myself very closely all day, and see if I could not avoid getting angry a single time; but long before night, something happened which put me in a great passion. I was so ashamed and discouraged by this, that I had no heart to try again that day, but thought I would take a fresh start some other morning."

"You have, my son, by this account of your efforts, betrayed the secret of your want of success. In the first place, when you attempt to cure a fault, you should have in mind that it is a great and difficult work, much greater than you can accomplish in your own strength. You should, therefore, ask your Heavenly Father to give you wisdom and strength. Did you do this?"

"No, Mother, I did not."

"This, then, was your first mistake. Your second mistake was in yielding the point, when you had once been overcome by the power of strong temptation. What should you think of a man setting out on a journey, who should return home as soon as he met with any difficulty or obstacle, to take a fresh start the next day, and should continue this course day after day? You can easily see that he could never make any progress on his journey, in this way. So you will never make any progress, if, after every defeat, you resolve to give it up for *that* day, and take a fresh start at some future time. If you would succeed, you must start once for all, and persevere through success and defeat. Will you try this plan, my son?"

"Yes, mother, I will try it to-morrow."

The next morning George's first waking thoughts were of the conversation he had with his mother the night before. He did not forget to ask the aid of his Heavenly Father, in the difficult work before him. While he remained at home in the morning he succeeded pretty well; for, if passion began to rise, a glance from his mother would recall the conversation of the previous evening, and put him on his guard; but after he left for school, then came the hour of trial.

When he was not far from the school-house, he came up with one of his schoolmates. "Now," said George, "let's see who will get first to the school-house." They both set out upon the full run; but soon George, who was ahead of the other, stumbled against a stick that lay in his path, and fell. His companion ran past him, and gained the school-house steps, before George had time to pick himself up and reach there. The exulting laugh of his companion, as he came up, was more than George could bear. His eye kindled with anger, and in his passion he gave his school-fellow a pretty hard blow.

Now had George stopped to reflect, he would probably have thought that so ungenerous an act as exulting over a fallen rival deserved pity rather than anger. But the worst of it is, that boys who get angry *never stop to think*. If they did they would very seldom get angry. The Bible says that "anger rests in the bosom of fools," and it is certain that most persons after indulging in a fit of passion, have to confess to themselves, if too proud to own it to others, that they have acted very foolishly. It was so with George. After it was all over, he felt very much ashamed of having lost his temper. But he remembered what his mother had said to him, and resolved that this defeat should not discourage him from making further efforts.

George often found his temper severely tried when at work upon his sums. If he could not get the correct answer, especially after trying several times, it would put him very much out of humor. This morning when he took his arithmetic and slate, he resolved to be on his guard. It was not long before he found a difficult sum. He tried it several times, and then went with it to his teacher. His teacher was too much engaged to assist him then, and he began to feel a little impatient. But he said to himself: "I will try to conquer my temper, if I cannot do my sum;" so he went back to his seat, and worked upon it very patiently until his teacher came to his assistance. This triumph encouraged him a good deal.

It was not long, however, before he met with another defeat. While he was home from school at noon, as he was about seating himself in a chair, a younger brother mischievously drew it away from him, and he fell on the floor. This provocation made him very angry. After his anger had subsided, he felt rather sadly to think that he had suffered *two* defeats, and obtained but *one* victory that day. Still he said to himself:

"I must not give up so. If I do, I shall never succeed. I must be more careful and watchful the rest of the day."

After school at night, George joined some boys who were amusing themselves by sliding down hill on their sleds. Those of my readers who live in the country, need not to be informed that this is fine sport in Winter time. George had drawn his sled up to the top of the hill, and was riding down again, when one of the boys, to tease him, drew his sled directly in the path, so that when George's sled came in contact with it, he was thrown off into the snow. George was inclined to be angry at first, but he soon recollected himself, and thought: "If I do not get angry now, *this* will be a triumph, I am sure."

All the boys gathered around, and said: "Give it to him, George. Give it to him. I would pay him well for that."

"No," said George. "If he has done wrong, that is no reason why I should do wrong too."

"It is all because you *dare not* fight me, that you have grown so wonderful good all at once," said the boy who had thrown him from his sled.

George felt his spirit begin to rise at this taunt, but he knew that he was in the right of it, and he answered calmly:

"I *dare refuse* to fight, notwithstanding your sneers, and I leave you to judge which requires the greater courage."

All the boys knew George was right, and had displayed the best and most difficult kind of courage; so they urged him no more to fight,and even the boy who had thrown him from his sled could not help feeling ashamed of his conduct. If George had given up his efforts when first overcome by temptation in the morning, he had not gained this great victory over himself; but he gained *strength* by making a wise use even of defeat.

He continued to follow this course day after day; and though he was often overcome by temptation, this took place less and less frequently, and he found it more and more easy to control his temper. Every week he gained some ground, until the great and difficult work was at last accomplished. He often thanked his mother for teaching him *how to cure a fault;* and when he became a man, every one loved him for his good temper and amiable qualities.

ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER.

Edwin was one day looking at a very large building which they were putting up opposite to his father's house. He watched the workmen, from day to day, as they carried up brick and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order. His father said to him:

"Edwin, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers; pray, what might you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No," said Edwin, smiling. "But I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by laying one brick upon another."

"Very true, my boy; never forget it. Just so it is with all great works. All your learning is one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean."

Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn, also, not to be discouraged by great labor. The greatest labor becomes easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of the great building is only one brick upon another.

THE COOK WHO DOESN'T LIKE PEAS.

A GAME FOR THE CHILDREN.

The leader of the game puts the following question to the assembled players in succession:

"My cook doesn't like peas; what shall we give her to eat?"

A player suggests "turnips," "potatoes," "a piece of bread," "chops," "a penny roll," "pork," etc.

To all these, the questioner replies: "She doesn't like them (or it)—pay a forfeit."

Another proposes "carrots," "dry bread," "beef," "mutton," &c., the answer to any of which is:

"That will suit her," and the *questioner* pays a forfeit.

If only two or three are in the secret, the game proceeds for some time to the intense mystification of the players, who have no idea what they have said to incur or escape the penalties. It depends upon a play of words. The cook not liking "*P's*," the players must avoid giving an answer in which that letter occurs. As the same proposition must not be repeated twice, those even who are in the plot are sometimes entrapped; the answer they had resolved on being forestalled by another player, they have no time for consideration.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why are soldiers more apt to be tired in the month of April? Because they've just gone through a *March*.

Why is high living like twelve dozen? Because it makes one gross.

Why had a man better lose his arm than a leg? Because in losing his leg, he loses something "to boot."

What two reasons why whispering in company is not proper? 1. It is not aloud (allowed.) 2. Private earing, (privateering,) is unlawful.

What two places' names in France will describe the language of a parent who refuses to give his daughter in marriage? Ushant, Havre.

"Can you tell me, Billy, how it is that chanticleer always keeps his feathers so sleek and smooth?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you. He always carries his comb with him."

WORKING CHEAP.

"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked a gentleman.

"He don't pay me anything," was the reply.

"Well, you work cheap; to lay aside the character of a gentleman; to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people; to suffer; and lastly, to risk losing your own precious soul, and all for nothing. You certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed."

THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1858.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DESIGNS ILLUSTRATED BY THE COLORED PLATE.

LADY ON THE LEFT.—*Toilette de Ville.*—Robe of *mauve* or Tyrian purple silk, in two skirts; the first with a flounce, edged with a large puff or *bouillon*, surmounted with a *ruche*, and another puff encircles the first skirt above the ruche, and immediately under the edge of the second skirt, which opens in front, in the tunic style, or as the French call it, *en tablier*. The front edges of the tunic are recovered by long *pattes* or *barbes*, trimmed with a *ruche* and puff. The little basque, and the pagoda sleeves, are also trimmed in keeping with the *barbes* and skirt. The high body is closed with covered buttons of the stuff in the dress. The style is both rich and plain, and the barbes or lappets on the skirts may be dispensed with, and superseded with a ruche and puff around the tunic and skirt, with a less appearance of effort at ostentatious display, and with better taste, in our opinion; but fashion seems to delight in lappets now, and they are all the rage for the front ends of the *canezou* and the *jaquette*, whether for full toilet, or of heavy material for street wear. Lemon-colored kid gloves; plain muslin under-sleeves in a large puff, gathered to a wristband; black velvet wristlets; black lasting gaiter boots with high heels and heavy soles. Bonnet of brown cut velvet, or heavy brown sewed straw, trimmed with wide blue silk ribbon, edged with narrow lace; also a narrow fall of pointed black lace trims the border over the ruche of *blonde*, which is double over the ears, and trimmed with red velvet cherries and foliage. One side of the bonnet is trimmed with a tuft of feathers, and the other with artificial flowers in keeping with the ribbon with which it is trimmed. Brides (strings) of wide sky-blue silk ribbon, with plain satin edges. Lace kerchief.

LADY ON THE RIGHT.—Robe of grey *taffetas*, with double skirt, ornamented at the sides with a row of little *decoupes* flounces of plain blue *taffetas*, edged with narrow scolloped black lace up the sides, these forming quilles up the sides. The high body is pointed before and behind. The sleeves are ornamented with two puffs, and a pale blue flounce like the skirt. Gloves and lace boots in keeping with the color of the dress. Hat of grey silk, trimmed with a tuft of cock feathers, a knot of black velvet ribbon over the curtain, the edge of black vandyke-pointed lace and Indian red ribbon, and the crown is trimmed with a flat twist of Indian red ribbon, and black velvet or silk ribbon. The strings are either black, red, or pale blue, to suit the complexion of the wearer. The inside of the border is trimmed with ruches, and enlivened over the ears with flowers. In Paris it is quite the mode to trim over the centre of the forehead with from one to three imitation roses.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

No. 1.—This frock, for a little girl, is made of white *pique*, and trimmed with needlework and white braid. In front of the waist there is a large bow of *pique*, with long rounded ends edged with needlework, which fall over the tablier trimming in front of the skirt.

No. 2.—Little girl's frock of white *pique*, trimmed with white braid and buttons. The corsage has bretelles, meeting in a point in front of the waist, and with long ends widening at the lower part. These ends descend over the skirt of the frock, and form part of a *tablier* trimming, consisting of five long strips of *pique*, ornamented with braid and buttons. The frock is edged by a broad hem, above which there is a band of *pique*, cut the bias way, and ornamented with braid.

FASHIONABLE COIFFURES.

Fig. 1. (*Evening Coiffure.*)—The front hair is divided in the centre of the forehead, and turned back in rouleaux at each side of the face. On the left side two or three long flowing ringlets descend nearly to the shoulder.

Fig. 2. (*Back of the Coiffure, of which the Front is shown in figure* 1.)—The back hair is disposed in plaits and twists, and confined by an ornamental comb.

Fig. 3. (*Head Dress.*)—The hair is divided in front of the forehead, and disposed in long clustering ringlets at each side of the face. Long lappets of white tulle are fastened at the back of the head, and on one side a bouquet of roses, with buds and foliage.

Fig. 3. (*Head Dress.*)—The hair is turned back at each side of the forehead, and rolled over a fillet of blue and gold tissue, which is fastened in a bow and ends at the back of the head.

BOX IN JAPANESE WORK.

On reference to the engraving, it will be seen that the embellishments consist of such natural objects as may be gathered during a ramble in the country, when the leaves have that beautiful tint indicative of the approaching Fall. These are gummed on to the box, and the interstices are then filled up with japanner's size until even with the leaves, &c., a coat of varnish is then put on over the whole. Many endearing associations and reminiscences may thus be preserved in the memory of a walk here, and a ramble there with friends we loved, but who are now no more.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

SELF-CONTROL.

"MOTHER!" cried a little girl, rushing into the room where a lady sat reading—"Mother! John struck me in the face with all his might! Oh dear! Oh dear! It hurts so!"

And the child pressed her hand against her cheek, and threw her head backwards and forwards, as if she were in great pain.

The lady's face reddened, instantly, and the book fell from her hand to the floor. Starting up, she went hurriedly from the room. There was anger in her heart against John, and in the blindness of her sudden indignation, she resolved to punish him with a severe chastisement. But ere she reached the apartment in which her child had been playing, she paused suddenly and stood still. A timely thought glancing through her mind, had arrested her steps.

"This will not do. I must control myself," she said, speaking half aloud. Then, after a resolute strife with her angry feelings, the mother went back to the room where she had left her weeping child, and sitting down in her old place, said, with as calm and steady a voice as she could assume:

"Agnes, let me see your cheek."

"Oh dear! How it hurts!" sobbed Agnes, as she came to her mother's side, her hand still pressed to her face.

The lady gently removed the hand, and examined her little girl's cheek. There was a red mark as if a blow had been received; but no evidence of a bruise.

"Agnes," said the mother, now speaking very calmly and gently, yet with a firmness that at once subdued the excitement of her child's mind, "I want you to stop crying, and tell me all about this trouble with John."

The child's tears ceased to flow; and she looked up into her mother's face.

"Agnes, who gave the first provocation in this matter, you or John?"

"John struck me in the face!" replied the child, evincing a great deal of angry feeling towards her brother.

"Why did he strike you?"

Agnes was silent.

"Who saw the trouble between you and John?" inquired the mother.

"Why, Mary saw it. She'll tell you that John struck me in the face with all his might."

"Tell Mary that I wish to see her."

Agnes went for her sister. When they returned the mother said:

"Now, Mary, tell me about this trouble with John and Agnes."

"You saw him strike me, didn't you, Mary?" said Agnes, with the eagerness of resentment.

"I will question Mary," said the mother, "and while I am doing so, you, Agnes, must have nothing to say. After Mary has finished, then you can correct her statement if you wish to do so. Now, Mary, say on."

"Well, Mother, I'll tell you just how it was," said Mary. "Agnes was teasing John, and John got angry."

"And struck his sister!" There was a tone of severity in the mother's voice.

"I think the blow was accidental," said Mary. "John declared that it was, and tried his best to comfort Agnes; even promising to give her his pet kitten, if she would stop crying, and not make trouble by telling you. But she was angry, and would not listen to him."

"Tell me just what occurred, Mary, and then I shall know exactly how far both were to blame."

"Well," answered Mary, "John and I were playing checquers, and Agnes would, every now and then, steal up behind John and push his elbow when he was making a move. It worried him, and he asked her over and over again not to do so. But she didn't mind what he said. At last John pushed the board from him, and wouldn't play any longer. He was angry. Still Agnes seemed bent on annoying him. John got a book and sat down near the window to read. He had not been there long before Agnes stole up behind him, whipped the book out of his hand, and ran away. John sprung after her and they had a struggle for the book, in which Agnes got a blow upon the face. I was looking at them, and I think the blow was accidental. It seemed so at the time, and John declares that he did not mean to strike her. That is all, Mother."

"Call your brother," said the lady, in a subdued voice. John entered the room in a few moments. He was pale, and looked troubled.

"My son," said the mother, speaking without apparent excitement, yet with a touch of sorrow in her voice, "did you strike Agnes on purpose?"

The boy's lips quivered, but no answer came through them. He looked into his mother's eyes for a moment or two, until tears blinded him, and then he laid his face down upon her bosom and sobbed. With love's tender instinct, the mother drew her arm tightly around her boy, and then there was silence for the space of nearly a minute.

"It was an accident, I am sure," whispered the mother, placing her lips close to the ear of her boy.

"Indeed it was!" John answered back with earnestness. "My hand slipped as I tried to get my book away from her, and it struck her in the face. I was so sorry!"

What less could the mother do than kiss, with ardor the fair brow of her boy, against whom, under the influence of anger, she had passed a hasty judgment. She almost shuddered, as she thought of the unjust punishment she had come nigh inflicting, while blind from sudden excitement.

"The chief blame, I see, rests with Agnes," said the lady, turning with some severity of voice and countenance towards her little girl, who now stood with the aspect of a culprit instead of an accuser.

"It was her fun, Mother." John spoke up quickly. "She loves to tease, you know, and I was wrong to get angry."

"But teasing does not come from a good spirit," replied the mother, "and I am sorry that my little girl can find no higher enjoyment than the pleasure of annoying her brothers and sisters. I am satisfied with you, John, but not with Agnes; and now you may leave us alone."

John and Mary went out, and left their mother alone with Agnes. When the little girl joined her brothers and sisters some time afterwards, she had a sober face like one whose spirit was not at ease with itself. She had been guilty of a double wrong, and had come near drawing down upon her innocent brother an unjust punishment. So clearly had her mother brought this to her view, that shame followed conviction, and she was now ready to acknowledge her fault, and promise better conduct in the future.

But the one who profited most by this scene of trouble, was the children's mother. After all was harmonized again, and she was alone with her own thoughts, she lifted a heart of thankfulness for self-control, and prayed that she might ever possess her spirit in calmness.

"I tremble in thinking of the evil that would have followed a blind punishment of my noble-hearted boy!"

Thus she spoke within herself, and sadness fell upon her spirit, as imagination pictured a scene that must have been enacted, had not some good spirit whispered a timely word of caution in her ears.

T. S. A.

SCHOOLS.

Instead of being productive of good results, many schools now force upon the scholar frivolity of pursuit, and inertia of mind and body. Such schools should be carefully avoided, if children are to be allowed a fair chance for healthful development, mentally and physically.

The latter subject is a very important one; I can only glance at it. Vigor of body, of course, increases vigor of mind, and *vice versa*. I do not say that fatness of body increases vigor of mind, nor that irritability and excitability of mind increases vigor of body. I mean that the health of one helps the health of the other.

But how is a poor child to attain to health of either, shut up as she is from exercise and sunlight nearly all day long? Not taught the proper way to study, she wastes hours on a task requiring but a few minutes' deep attention. And she is incapacitated from giving that attention by habits of idleness, and by general debility of purpose and nerve.

The way in which children's lessons are learned now-a-days, is exceedingly unfair to parents, who sustain at home all the annoyance of forcing them to give up their play-hours to study with an unwilling spirit, and in a most improper manner. Those who are most anxious for their daughters' improvement, have actually all the trouble of teaching themselves, and the privilege of paying the schoolmaster for hearing a perfect recitation at his ease This is an unnatural transfer of duties, and I wonder that parents submit to it.

If the teacher knew what he was about, and took a vital interest in his calling, placing it before his own ease, he himself would be the one to object to this studying at home, which has a most pernicious influence upon the pupil, as has been shown. She contracts all manner of bad habits. Mothers who have small children, and their housekeeping duties to care for, have not, of course, the time to inform themselves of all it is necessary to know, in order to give their daughters the best habits of mental activity.

There is another reason for abolishing the present arrangement.

School hours are usually from nine until two, and surely five hours of the hardest kind of work—mental application—are all that should be required of young, tender, feeble girls, when adult men clamor to rest after ten hours of manual labor. They think, and are right, that they cannot sustain more without injury. Five hours to delicate students, is more than twelve to men.

Bulwer has spoken strongly against too long mental application. He gives but three hours a day to it, and says that to apply himself a longer time is to lessen the degree of his power.

Children's muscles need play. They must have it, or they grow perverse, and distort the bones they act upon. Their blood needs sunlight and air, and will have them, or it becomes pale and diseased. If you want your daughters to grow up into beautiful, graceful women, who will have good health, long life, and happy tempers, you must, mothers, let school be school, and play-hours be play-hours. Then, if they really strengthen their minds by hard work in the morning, and their bodies by hard play in the afternoon, they will be prompt, practical, and efficient in their important tasks as housekeepers, teachers, mothers, and patronesses of the beautiful and intellectual in life. They will be too wise to be led away from their legitimate calling into courses and pursuits you would tremble to see them entering. They would always be guided rather by good sense and good nature, than by inflamed imaginations and sickly fancies. — *Independent.*

Hints for Housekeepers.

A New England lady, quite a famous housekeeper, by the way, furnished us with an economical plan for making cake without butter, which we think may be useful to our readers. Take a piece of salt pork, fat, and melt it down, and strain it through a piece of coarse, thin muslin. Set it aside until cool. It is then white and firm, and may be used like butter in any kind of cake. In pound cake she assures us it is delicious. She says that after one trial she never used butter again.

While writing this, we receive an assurance from the wife of a sea captain, who is near, that she has used it at sea, when no butter could be obtained, and that in loaf cake, gingerbread, and short cake, it is better than butter.

Brown Betty.—Take two dozen fine large apples, and cut them into thin slices, pare them if preferred, but it is not necessary. Crumb up a loaf of stale bread. Take a deep pudding dish, put in a layer of bread crumbs, then one of apple, sprinkle over them some brown sugar, put in a piece of butter, and any spice that may be preferred, then sprinkle in a very little cold water. Put on another layer of crumbs, and then the apple, sugar, butter, spice, and water again. Go on until the dish is full, making the top layer of apple. Bake in a quick oven. Eat hot, with sugar and butter, or wine sauce.

Cement to Resist both Fire and Water.—Half a pint of milk, half a pint of vinegar; let them simmer together till the curd separates. Strain, and with the whey mix the white of five eggs well beaten up. When well mixed, add sifted quick lime till the whole is about as thick as putty. Do not put your hands into it, as it has a tendency to make the skin sore. Lay it on every part of the broken edge, and make the edges fit exactly; when perfectly dry, it will be found to resist both heat and moisture, and the article will be as strong as when new.

Tea Cake.—A very nice and economical tea cake can be made in the following manner. Take a quart of sifted flour, and three spoonsful of baking powder mix them well together, and then rub in a heaping tablespoonful of lard, moisten with water, kneading till you get a dough. Roll it on a pie-board until thin, and cut in round cakes with the edge of a tumbler. Bake immediately. Knead and roll the dough as little as possible, as too much handling makes it heavy.

Balsam for Chapped Lips.—Two spoonsful of clarified honey, two drops of lavender water; mix well, and anoint the lips frequently.

Blackberry Jam.—Gather the fruit in dry weather; allow half a pound of good brown sugar to every pound of fruit; boil the whole together gently for an hour, or till the blackberries are soft, stirring and mashing them well. Preserve it like any other jam, and it will be found very useful in families, particularly for children—regulating their bowels, and enabling you to dispense with cathartics. It may be spread on bread, or on puddings, instead of butter; and even when the blackberries are bought, it is cheaper than butter. In the country, every family should preserve at least half a peck of blackberries.

Pickled Eggs.—Boil the eggs until very hard; when cold, shell them, and cut them in halves lengthways. Lay them carefully in large-mouthed jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, a few pieces of ginger, and a few cloves of garlic. When cold, tie up closely, and let them stand a month. They are then fit for use With cold meat, they are a most delicious and delicate pickle.

A very nice sweet potato pudding may be made more economically than Miss Leslie's receipt, in the following way:

Parboil one pound of sweet potatoes. When cold grate them fine; add one pint of milk, three eggs, beaten light, the grated peel and juice of a large lemon, a wine-glass of rose water, and a teaspoonfull of grated cinnamon. Bake in a quick oven.

Cure for Burns by Vitirol.—White of egg mixed with powdered chalk, and applied frequently with a feather, will relieve, very quickly, a burn caused by vitriol or other oil. If these are not at hand, jeweller's cotton or wadding laid on instantly, and not removed at all, being careful to put on sufficient to entirely exclude the air, will heal the burn without leaving a scar.

Hoe Cake.—This cake, so popular in the South, as a breakfast and tea cake, is made in the following way: Scald a quart of Indian meal with a pint of water; stir in two teaspoonsful of salt, and a little butter melted; put it, when properly mixed, into a well-greased tin, and bake it half an hour.

To Restore Sour Milk or Cream.—Milk or cream, when it has turned sour, may be restored to its original sweetness by means of a small quantity of carbonate of magnesia. When the acidity is slight, half a teaspoonful of the powder to a pint of milk.

Stale Bread.—It is not generally known that stale bread, when immersed in cold water for a moment or two, and rebaked for about an hour, is in every respect equal to newly-baked bread.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

GO TO BED EARLY.

To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take, without artificial means, is the balm of life—without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children, of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves; let the care rather be to establish an hour for retiring, so early that their fullest sleep may be out before sunrise.

Another item of very great importance is: Do not hurry up the young and the weakly. It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes are open, nor is it best for the studious, or even for the well who have passed an unusually fatiguing day, to jump out of bed the moment they wake up; let them remain, without going to sleep again, until the sense of weariness passes from their limbs. Nature abhors two things: violence and a vacuum. The sun does not break out at once into the glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by slow degrees; nor fleetest beast, nor sprightliest bird, leaps at once from its resting-place. By all of which we mean to say, that as no physiological truth is more demonstrable than that the brain, and with it the whole nervous system, is recuperated by sleep, it is of the first importance, as to the well-being of the human system, that it have its fullest measure of it; and to that end, the habit of retiring to bed early should be made imperative on all children, and no ordinary event should be allowed to interfere with it. Its moral healthfulness is not less important than its physical. Many a young man, many a young woman, has made the first step towards degradation, and crime, and disease, after ten o'clock at night, at which hour, the year round, the old, the middle-aged, and the young, should be in bed; and then the early rising will take care of itself, with the incalculable accompaniment of a fully-rested body and a renovated brain. We repeat it, there is neither wisdom, nor safety, nor health, in early rising in itself; but there is all of them in the persistent practice of retiring to bed at an early hour, Winter and Summer. —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

OLD AND YOUNG SLEEPING TOGETHER.

A HABIT which is considerably prevalent in almost every family, of allowing children to sleep with older persons, has ruined the nervous vivacity and physical energy of many a promising child. Those having dear old friends, whose lives they would like to perpetuate at the sacrifice of their innocent offspring, alone should encourage this evil; but every parent who loves his child, and wishes to preserve to him a sound nervous system with which to buffet successfully the cares, sorrows, and labors of life, must see to it that his nervous vitality is not absorbed by some diseased or aged relative.

Children, compared with adults, are electrically in a positive condition. The rapid changes which are going on in their little bodies, abundantly generate, and as extensively work up vital nervo-electric fluids. But when, by contact for long nights with older and negative persons, the vitalizing power of their tender organizations is absorbed, they soon pine, grow pale, languid and dull, while their bed companions feel a corresponding invigoration. Dr. Hufeland, the German physiologist, attributes the frequent longevity of schoolmasters to their daily associations with young persons.

Invalid mothers often prolong their existence by daily contact with their children. I once knew a woman who, by weak lungs and mineral doctors, had been prostrated with incurable consumption. Her infant occupied the same bed with her almost constantly, day and night. The mother lingered for months on the verge of the grave, her demise being hourly expected. She still lingered on, daily disproving the predictions of her medical attendants. The child, meanwhile, pined without any apparent disease. Its once plump little cheeks fell away with singular rapidity, till every bone in its face was visible. Finally it had imparted to the mother its last spark of vitality, and simultaneously both died.—*Physio-Medical Recorder.*

IN-DOOR EXERCISES.

Females much confined within-doors, often suffer ill-health from the want of exercise. Nature demands it, and health cannot exist without it. The skipping rope, dumb-bells, battledore and shuttlecock, &c., are all aids to the required end. Frequently, however, these exercises are regarded as childish; it is over-looked that from women, as well as girls, nature demands the fulfilment of the same laws, and there is no time when systematic exercise is more needful to the healthy development of the future woman, than between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one. Ladies who are not above superintending their own household affairs—who look upon the rubbing of a mahogany table, and the sweeping of a carpet, as necessary but pleasant helps to the preservation of sound health, are less in need of artificial aids to exercise than those whose most energetic labors are confined to the performance of a set of quadrilles upon the piano, or an occasional promenade in the walks of fashionable life.

New Publications.

The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

The sensation book of the season, is the new poem by Longfellow, which meets, as every work of real genius is sure to meet, with sharp criticism, as well as abounding praise. Its unmanageable hexameters are against it with the many; also, its occasional homely truth to the time and the persons of which the poet writes. But the lovers of true poetry—those who can look right down into the heart of the poem—will find in the "Courtship of Miles Standish" so much of real beauty, so many delicate touches of nature, and such riches of illustration and imagery, that they will accept the whole, and thank the poet for the new and exquisite pleasure he has given them.

The story on which the poem is founded is historical. Miles Standish, having lost his Rose, loves "the Puritan maiden, Priscilla," and desires to make her his wife. In spite of his ordinary rule, which he emphatically enunciates, to do himself what he would have well done, he sends John Alden to ask Priscilla to be his wife. But John Alden also loves Priscilla. Nevertheless, he goes like a man and does his friend's errand, and does it boldly, in spite of Priscilla's refusal, until she overpowers, and puts him to flight with the brief sentence: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" The rage of Miles Standish at John Alden in consequence of this result; his fury, which found vent on the Indians; his subsequent better thought, and long residence in the forest while he caused the news of his death to be sent to Plymouth, that John and Priscilla might have no obstacle to their marriage; and his return to honor the wedding—these, and accompanying incidents of Puritan life in the colony, are the substance on which the poem is wrought.

We notice that the London Athenæum has a vulgar, captious, and personal review of this new volume, which is quite in keeping with the illiberal spirit of that publication. In referring to this review, Harper's Weekly probably suggests the truth, when it says: "It is manifestly written by a disappointed English poet, angry at the spreading reputation of the American poet in England, and, from the sweeping condemnation of the fugitive pieces in the volume, with two exceptions, we are led to believe that the author was one of the innumerable Englishmen who strove to be poetical on the occasion of the death of the Great Duke, and were totally shaded by Mr. Longfellow's 'Warden of the Cinque-Ports,' by far the greatest, if not the only poem which that event brought out, and so accepted in England."

The poem, which gives its name to the volume, occupies one hundred and fifteen pages. The rest of the volume is made up of fugitive pieces, which have recently appeared in our periodicals. Of these, we gave in the last number of the *Home Magazine* a sweet little poem entitled "*Children.*" We copy now, *Haunted Houses*, in a different vein, but no less beautiful:

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

"We meet them at the door-way, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

"There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

"The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

"We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

"The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these eartly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

"Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

"These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

"And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night—

"So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

In pamphlet form, we have the following novels: *My Lady Ludlow*, by Mrs. Gaskell, author of "Mary Barton," from the *Harpers*; and *The Rival Beauties*, by Miss Pardoe, from *Peterson & Brothers.* From the last named publishers we have, also, a copy of Miss Pardoe's *Wife's Trials.*

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE; with an original memoir. New York: *J. S. Redfield.*

A dainty edition, on delicately tinted paper, exquisitely illustrated by Pickersgill, Tenniel, Foster, Darley, Cropsey, Duggan, and other artists of the highest ability. Among the gift books of the season, this will hold a leading place. Of the almost weird charm that hangs around the author's verse we will not here speak. The highest critical taste of this country and England has awarded to Poe almost unqualified praise as a literary artist. His place has been assigned to him, and he will hold it long without a rival.

It would have been in better taste, if the publisher had omitted the brief sketch given of the author's unhappy life, or else committed the task of writing of the dead to one less inclined to "drag his frailties from their dread abode." While living, Poe was an unsparing critic, and made enemies among an over-sensitive class, and one not apt to forgive. Since his untimely death, ample revenge has been taken; and most of his biographers have evinced what to us has always appeared a kind of ferocious pleasure in blackening his character. Why continue this any longer? In the name of decency, if not humanity, let the outrage cease. Give to American literature his high art achievements, and let them throw a veil of obscuring brightness over the man. His was not a spirit of cool, selfish malignity, corrupt from principle—can as much be said of all who have thrust at him? From childhood up, he seems to have been the slave of passion. Impulse moved him, as the strong wind moves the slender reed. And we may trace to unbridled passions and depraved appetites, and not to evil purpose, most of the sad errors of his wretched existence.

One bright gleam was thrown across the dark horizon of his life. We see it always, amid the gloom and shadow, in the tender love poured out for the being who, when scarcely more than a child, stood up by his side, and with the marriage vows upon her lips, went forth into the world with him to meet its care, and toil, and sorrow, that came in no stinted measure. We have it from those who knew them well, that, but for Poe's never tiring devotion to his frail, invalid wife, whom he nursed and ministered to for years, with even a woman's tenderness, she must have gone down to her grave long before the feeble light of life went out, at last, in mortal darkness. Let this better thing be told of him; and let us give it a magnitude in our estimates of the man.

MENSURATION AND PRACTICAL GEOMETRY. By Chas. H. Haswell, Civil and Marine Engineer, New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

The author says of his work, that he trusts "a reference to the result of his labors will show that in the essential points of the extent of the figures submitted, as well in their number as variety of section, and in the introduction of rules for determining their centres of gravity, he has submitted some features of so new and useful purpose as to entitle him to the attention of those upon whom he confidently relies for patronage." We find in the work tables of weights and measures, vulgar and decimal fractions, mensuration of areas, lines, surfaces, and solids, lengths of circular arcs, areas of segments, and zones of a circle, board and timber measures, centres of gravity, &c., &c. To which is appended a Treatise on Carpenter's slide-rule and guaging.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS TIME; with other papers. By Charles Kingsley. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

This volume, made up of various literary papers, furnished by the author to British reviews and magazines, is one that commends itself to all thoughtful, philosophic readers. It is a work of high art in literature, and will be taken as a closet book by the intellectual and the cultivated. The first article, on "Sir Walter Raleigh and His Times," is one to stir the heart with noble impulses. The author has done justice, and some will say, more than justice to his theme. The other articles are "Plays and Puritans," "North Devon," "Alexandria and her Schools," "My Winter Garden," &c., all characteristic of the pen that produced them.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. Designed for Academies and High Schools. By Elias Loomis, LL. D. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

The author says: "In the present volume I have attempted to exhibit the leading principles of Natural Philosophy in a methodical and scientific form, without any use of the mathematics beyond the first elements of Algebra, Geometry, and Plane Trigonometry. Every principle is enunciated clearly and concisely, and, as far as practicable, I have exhibited the evidence upon which every principle rests."

THE CITIZEN'S MANUAL OF GOVERNMENT LAW. By Andrew W. Young. New York: *H. Dayton.* Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott.*

We have here a well digested compendium of the elementary principles of civil government, with a practical view of the State governments, and of the government of the United States; a digest of common and statutory law of nations, and summary of parliamentary rules for the practice of deliberative assemblies. The volume is one that meets a want, and cannot fail to be useful.

IN AND AROUND STAMBOUL. By Mrs. Edmund Hornby. 1 vol., 12mo., pp. 499. Philadelphia: *James Challen & Son.*

Intelligent women are among the most attractive of letter writers, and as this volume is in the form of letters, and Mrs. Hornby is a woman of spirit and of observation, we have, in consequence, a very agreeable book.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE OLD HOUSE.

I don't know what started the impulse, only I acted on it, at once, and ten minutes later I was down there at the old, rambling house, where my life rose into its morning.

I looked at it with something of the feeling that we look at the grave-stones of those we have known and loved. The front wore its old-fashioned physiognomy—a little more faded and stricken with time; but there was the old maple in the front yard, and the gate where I used to swing, and the fence that I mounted; but the peach tree from which I fell, the lilacs and syringas which swung their green censors of perfume on the winds every June, were all gone.

But the lawn was there, green, and smiling still, with the early Summer winds stirring the soft green grass—the grass through which my feet had so often pattered in the old, old days, whose pictures were coming out on the walls of my heart. I opened the front gate, and went round to the side of the house, and there still was the "cellar door," down which I used to slide on Summer afternoons. I kept on a little further, and an old man, with bald head and wrinkled face, came out of the back door, and looked at me.

Then I remembered that I had no right or title to the old house now, albeit for seven years I played and slept under its roof; so I said to him, with an awkward attempt at apology: "I used to live here once, and I've come to see if you won't let me look round at the old place again?"

The old man's face brightened. "Yes you shall see all you want to," he said, with a genuine hospitality that would have done honor to a Prince, and then he led me into the garden, and there ——

Time had been very busy with it. The long rows of currant and gooseberry bushes were all gone, and the great, noble pear tree was a blighted, dilapidated thing, the glory of its strength and beauty all gone, and with only half paralyzed limbs, holding out a few little straggling tresses of green leaves, just as the head of an old man wears its straggling tresses of silver.

The plum tree, too, which used to shake down such a purple shower of damsons on my head every September, was now a withered trunk without leaf or branch.

But the "apple-tree" was there still, and another June had filled its branches with blossoms, and so it stood there a green tent corded with pearls.

Then the great deeps of memory were broken up, and the waves swelled over my heart.

I stood still while the man went on to tell of the change which had transpired since he came to settle in the "white house;" but I didn't hear him; I heard only the shouts of three little girls, as they ploughed through the grass, or played school and Queen Victoria under the trees, where the shadows and the sunlight wavered over their heads; and now one of those heads—ah, it would never rock its bright tresses to the winds again!

There were the chamber windows, too, on whose small old-fashioned panes the frost used to carve such great devices, while I was lying in the bed at night all in a tremble for fear some great ogre would come for me; and so the fresh pictures started out with every sight and sound.

At last, the old man went and called his wife, a pleasant-faced, little, dumpy woman, with a kind heart looking out of her twinkling black eyes. I stood and chatted with them awhile, and went to see how the pig and the vegetables flourished; and I left them, after promising that I would come again, and get one of the apples from the old tree next Fall. But the old garden where I played years ago, and not the new one I had just seen, walked with me as I went homeward. V. F. T.

DECEMBER.

The year has come down to its death month again, with faded, shriveled limbs—with snowy locks, and storm-tossed, and tear-drenched face.

Its gifts, its graces, its smiles, its frowns, its miracles of bloom and beauty, are all—what you and I, reader, must be in a little while—*a grave!*

We cannot realize this now, any more than the old year could in the joy of its Spring jubilees, or the flush of its Summer glory; but in the time appointed its heart began to beat low; its garments to fade; the palsy and the burden fell upon all its limbs, and now the feeble old year totters through December, and will reach out its withered arms joyfully to its bier.

The year has finished its work. Four wondrous and glorious pictures has it painted for us on the canvas of time; and so, reader, when we shall have painted, with good and beautiful deeds, the Spring, and the Summer, and the Autumn of Life, may we be ready to go down into the Winter and the grave! V. F. T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nellie C. F—m.—We thank you for your letter. We do believe it was genuine, throbbing, as every line does, with generous heart-warmth and feeling.

We are glad the trials and struggles of your early life are over, and that you are happy in that "bird's nest" cottage, with the kind husband, of whom you write in a way that would rejoice any husband's heart, and those two dear little nestlings.

We sent your poem to Mr. Arthur. We have not the supervision of these matters.

God bless and prosper you. V. F. T.

MY GIFT.

Affectionately addressed to Mrs. James Prince and Miss Julia Boone, on receiving from them a bead basket wrought with exquisite taste.

It came unto me when the Summer's heart
Had poured her Lyric out; when on the hills
Woke up the Autumn's Epic; and I hailed
The sweet gift with a cry, and watched the light
Throb through its crystal meshes, and strike up
Its pearls to amethyst.

And straight my thoughts went back
Unto that Winter's day, whose pulse was filled
With languors of the April, when we walked
Amid the grey woods, where the moss had heaped
Its beryl cushions thick around the roots
Of the old trees; and where the pond lay still
A vase of crystal by young birches hid;
And with what playful shouts we strewed the leaves,
And leaped at sight of some green vine whose coils
Were strung with rubies.

Oh, sweet friends, to-day
What would I give to wander back again,
And watch the sunlight carve that old pine o'er
With gold and crimson fretting.

Well I know
Your fair hands fashioned this with pleasant thoughts
Of my surprise; with intermittent breaks
Of merry laughter, as some vision swept
Before you of *that* time!

God bless you both;
Upon our parlor walls your gift to-day
Makes a sweet picture, and on other walls,
Deep laid, and silent, does that fair urn light
A score of pictures, *gentle words, and deeds*
In my heart's parlor framed forevermore!

V. F. T.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

There is a passage in a letter from one of our correspondents, whose articles in the Home Magazine have always attracted attention for their vigor and truth to nature, that we must give to our readers. Feeble health has kept the pen of our fair young friend idle for a long time; and we fear that the same cause will keep it idle still longer. Thus she writes, and in what a sweet spirit of Christian resignation.

"Sometimes I fear that my health is permanently shattered, and that I never shall be well again, but I generally feel hopeful. In any event, I know it will be right, for God rules, and *His* ways are ways of wisdom and beauty. I have been, for a long time, too much of an invalid to write any. I wish I could write, for my heart is running over with fancies, but my hand has lost its cunning, and writing is but weary work. I refer to the *mechanical* part, for it is no trouble to *think*. All this is a great trial, and I pray to be more submissive, less impatient. What a consolation the belief, God orders all our steps, and we know that Infinite Wisdom and Love *cannot* err.

"We must be patient and grateful. The hand which plants the thorn in our path, gives us the rose. The sweet is mingled with the bitter—mercies blend with trials—for chastenings come from a *Father's* hand. But I must stop; for my breast is very weak, and even in writing this little scrawl, I have been obliged very often to stop and rest. Will you not write to me? A letter from you would be so pleasant. I wish I could send you as a Friendship offering, a story, but it would require more exertion than I am at present able to make."

SEWING MACHINES.

We have always thought that the manufacturers of the two acknowledged best family Sewing Machines in the market, Wheeler & Wilson's, and Grover & Baker's, held the price too high, and we now announce with pleasure, that the companies engaged in the product of these celebrated machines have reduced the price to $50 for one of the styles. This will be good news to many, and cannot fail largely to increase the demand. Every woman who has to work with the needle, should have a sewing machine; and true economy here lies in getting the best, if possible.

The Grover & Baker Machine has had some recent improvements, which add much to its value. It makes a strong, elastic stitch, that cannot rip.

The Wheeler & Wilson Machine is adapted to the finest muslin work, and sews with an even stitch on both sides.

The Pratt machine, one of the cheaper kind, has been improved so as to sew with double thread. The price of the double-threaded machine is slightly in advance of the single-threaded. This is, we believe, a good machine.

Men, says Dr. Hall, who have half a dozen irons in the fire, are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and thinks himself into the madhouse, or the grave. Motion is all Nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental. And yet, nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing, or something, only if they feel like it—the very Siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

A NEW GAME.

Among the new amusements devised for the young people, we notice "*Dr. Kane's Trip to the Arctic Seas*," a game published by V. S. W. Parkhurst, Providence, R. I. It is ingenious and instructive.

EDGAR A. POE.

In our notice, this month, of Redfield's elegant edition of the poems of Edgar A. Poe, we took occasion to protest against the spirit of the introductory biography. Since penning those remarks we have met in the Home Journal, of October 30, an article from the graceful pen of N. P. Willis, on the same subject, in which he seeks to convey some better impressions of the man. We are glad to see this, and hope that the press, generally, will speak out its disapprobation of the spirit that seeks to darken rather than brighten the character of a man, who, with his many faults and follies, had still some shining virtues. Willis, in writing of Poe, addresses Mr. Morris, personally, and refers to their connexion with Poe, when they published the New York Daily Mirror. He says:

"Poe came to us quite incidentally—neither of us, if I remember rightly, having been personally acquainted with him till that time—and his position towards us, and connection with us, of course unaffected by claims of previous friendship, were a fair average of his general intercourse and impression. As he was a man who never smiled, and never said a propitiatory or deprecating word, we were not likely to have been seized with any sudden partiality or wayward caprice in his favor."

* * * * *

"It was rather a step downward, after being the chief editor of several monthlies, as Poe had been, to come into the office of a daily journal as a mechanical paragraphist. It was his business to sit at a desk, in a corner of the editorial room, ready to be called upon for any of the miscellaneous work of the moment—announcing news, condensing statements, answering correspondents, noticing amusements—everything but the writing of a "leader," or constructing any article upon which his peculiar idiosyncrasy of mind could be impressed. Yet you remember how absolutely and how good humoredly ready he was for any suggestion; how punctually and industriously reliable, in the following out of the wish once expressed; how cheerful and present-minded in his work, when he might excusably have been so listless and abstracted. We loved the man for the entireness of fidelity with which he served us—himself, or any vanity of his own, so utterly put aside. When he left we were very reluctant to part with him, but we could not object, as it was to better his fortunes. He was to take the lead in another periodical.

"But, on one of the pages of the splendid volume before me, is the key to an inner chamber of the heart of that gifted man. There is the SONNET TO HIS WIFE'S MOTHER; and, in my opinion, the exquisite beauty of the relationship between the two—EDGAR POE and Mrs. CLEMM, the sainted woman who so devoted her entire existence to a tender care and worship of her unhappy boy—will embalm him in the poetical heart memory of mankind.

The sonnet above referred to is the following:

"Because I feel that, in the heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, among their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of 'Mother,'
Therefore by that dear name I long have called you;
You who are more than mother unto me,
And fill my heart of hearts, where Death installed you
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My mother, my own mother, who died early,
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life."

JUDGED BY THE COMPANY YOU KEEP.

Young persons cannot be too guarded in respect to the company they keep, for, however erroneous the conclusions may be in certain cases, it is a fact not to be lightly considered, that the character of a man is judged by the company in which he is seen; and this, on the known law, that like has an affinity with like. Many a young man has lost a golden opportunity, because, in a single instance, perhaps, he has been seen in the company of those known to have bad habits, or corrupt principles, and been judged as like them.

To all young persons, we would say, be exceedingly careful as to the individuals with whom you are seen. Your experience is small, your knowledge of character limited, your principles of life only in the forming state; and the inference in your case will be that you incline to the known habits of your supposed associates. All your better life-prospects may be ruined, from this cause, in a single hour.

JUDGED BY YOUR HABITS.

Lads and young men are judged by their habits, as well as by the company they keep. Here is an instance which has just fallen under our notice. We cut it from a periodical on our table.

A few years since, a New York merchant advertised for a boy. Soon one called to the store and offered his services. "Walk into the office, my lad," said the merchant, "I'll attend to you soon." It was not long before the merchant was at liberty, and took his seat by the boy. As he sat down, he observed a segar in his hat, which he held in his hand. "My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see that you smoke segars, and in my experience of many years, I have ever found segar-smoking in lads to be connected with various other evil habits. You can leave; you will not suit me." Perhaps the lad thought that the trader was very unjust to judge him so severely on account of a segar. But such little things are often the best key to character. Nearly all the youth who have been ruined, have carried segars in their hats. Not that segars ruined them; but they took other evils along with them.

"WAIT AND SEE."

This is the title of Miss Townsend's new story, which will be commenced in the next, or January number of the Home Magazine. Our readers have a rare treat awaiting them.

AN INTERESTING MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

A correspondent of the *Press*, writing from New York, gives the following interesting account of a marriage between two deaf mutes, celebrated recently in that city:

"A very unusual marriage ceremony took place on Tuesday morning last, which, for its novelty, deserves a passing note. It was the uniting in wedlock's band two deaf mutes—Mr. Trist, of Philadelphia, son of our special commissioner to Mexico during the war, and a young lady of Boston. Both were mutes—deaf and dumb from infancy. The service of the Episcopal Church was read by Rev. Pierre P. Irving, and translated into the symbolic language of the dumb by the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, the bride and groom repeating and making the responses rapidly, gracefully, and with perfect accuracy. A spectator of the scene describes it as follows:

"The solemn vows being symboled before the Throne of Grace, the Lord's Prayer followed; and who can describe the mute eloquence of that mute prayer so devotionally followed by the young couple! When the nuptial benediction was silently pronounced above the lowly bowed heads of the kneeling pair, there was that which spoke louder than words in the graceful sign-language of the officiating minister. A few letters—a word or two—then the hands upraised towards Heaven—to "God," who had "bound together"—the tight clasped hands—the soul-speaking glance upward, away upward—again a few words—the hands placed in blessing upon the heads of the now "man and wife"—a solemn silence—and all was over. No one moved for some moments; we all felt we had caught a glimpse of the spirit land, and we longed for one more glance into that silent spirit world. But the groom was leading his beautiful, graceful bride to the church door; we have her quiet, happy smile put away in our memory to gladden some dark hour. Ere we could utter a fervent "God bless you," they had quietly passed away—alone with their mute happiness."

"WHILE IT WAS MORNING."

The charming story by our talented assistant, Miss Townsend, which appeared in the Home Magazine, under the title of "Look Out," is now in the press of Derby & Jackson, of New York, and will be speedily issued. A new title, "While it was Morning," has been chosen. The price will be $1 25; and on receipt of this sum, the publishers will mail the book to any address. In this, the best sustained of the author's works, great beauty of imagery is displayed, while it abounds in passages of the tenderest pathos. The story has its teaching for all hearts, its lesson for all lives, and we warmly commend it to the public. It will make a fitting holiday gift.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Besides the books noticed in our critical department, we find on our table the following:

The Two Sisters. By Emma D. E. N. Southworth. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Agnes. A Novel. By the author of Ida May. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

A Journey Due North. Being notes of a Residence in Russia. By George A. Sala. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Stand up for Jesus! A Christian Ballad; with Notes, Illustrations and Music. Philadelphia: T. S. Stockton. This little volume will be sent by the publisher, to any address, on receipt of 50 cents.

A Hand Book of Fruit Culture. Illustrated with ninety Engravings. By Thomas Gregg. New York: Fowler & Wells.

MEN WITHOUT HEARTS.

We commend this to the attention of all heads of families.

"We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, paternal, and fraternal love.

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1859.

We refer our readers to the announcement, on another page, of the programme for 1859. It will be seen that the publishers of the *Home Magazine* are preparing to issue volumes XIII and XIV in a style fully equal, and indeed superior, to the volumes for 1858. It is an encouraging fact, and one of which we cannot but speak with pleasure, that while nearly every other literary periodical lost ground during this year, under the pressure of disastrous times, the Home Magazine has gone on increasing in circulation, and now has a list of subscribers larger than at any other period since the publication began. A response like this to our efforts, is truly encouraging. Our aim is to give a periodical wholly free from anything that can taint the purest mind, and yet as far removed from dullness as from vulgarity. While we seek to interest all, we have a higher aim, to benefit all. The use of literature is to elevate mankind—not to deprave them—and there is no true elevation that does not include the moral sentiments. While we sow wheat with one hand, we will not scatter tares with the other. In all of its Departments, the Home Magazine will continue as of old.

CLUBS FOR 1859.

We hope our friends will move early in the work of making up clubs for next year. Reaping gives a better return than gleaning. Speak early to your acquaintances and neighbors, and secure their names for the Home Magazine. You can get ten to join you now, where you may not be able to get one after the club lists of other magazines are full. Don't let us lose any of our present clubs for lack of a word in time.

THE

LADY'S

HOME MAGAZINE;

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

VOL. XII.

From July to December, 1858.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. S. ARTHUR & CO.
1858.

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We like Grover & Baker's best.—*Ladies' Wreath.*
"Which is the best?" Grover & Baker's.—*Dispatch.*
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We have no hesitation in recommending it.—*Express.*
It requires no re-spooling.—*Evangelist.*
For family use they are unrivalled.—*Daily News.*
They sew a seam that will not rip.—*Courier.*
It performs nobly and expeditiously.—*Examiner.*
Remarkable for firmness of seam.—*Gazette.*
Adapted to all kinds of family sewing.—*Observer.*
Best adapted for family use.—*Day Book.*
We do not hesitate to recommend it.—*Chronicle.*
It sews strongly, and does not rip.—*Life Illustrated.*
The prince of inventions.—*Prot. Churchman.*
It is woman's best friend.—*Weekly News.*
We give our preference to Grover & Baker's.—*Student.*
The most blessed invention.—*Mother's Magazine.*
It makes pleasure of toil.—*Evening Post.*
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Cannot be too highly recommended.—*Tenn. Baptist.*
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Has given entire satisfaction.—*Catskill Examiner.*
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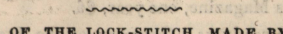

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Of it we can speak with entire clearness and confidence, after the use of one four years or more in our family. We look upon it as one of the benefactions of the age, and one which will constitute an era in the history of woman —*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

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It is the best I have seen.—*Rev. G. D. Abbott.*

The Ladies' Home Magazine for 1859.

Volumes XIII and XIV.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

In announcing the volumes of the Home Magazine for 1859, the publishers cannot but refer to the significant fact that, while nearly every other literary periodical in the country lost ground during 1858, under the depressing influence of the times, the Home Magazine *increased in circulation beyond any previous year!* A fact like this needs no comment—it speaks for itself; and we only remark on presenting it, that it has encouraged us in the work of preparing a magazine for the HOMES OF THE PEOPLE, that shall come to both parents and children as a true and welcome friend, more than anything that has occurred since the initial number went forth.

Our magazine will continue under the same editorial supervision as before, and its pages continue to be largely supplied from the editors' pens. Other writers of ability will aid in the task of producing a periodical which is designed to meet a want that no other work has attempted so broadly to supply. Besides the Literary Department, there will be, as heretofore, in each number,

A MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT,
A BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY,
HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS,
A HEALTH DEPARTMENT,
THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE, and
AN EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Reliable Colored Fashion Plates, and Fine Steel Engravings,

besides an almost endless variety of

Needlework Patterns

will continue to be given.

In a word, the Home Magazine shall be all that its name implies; while in style of embellishment and beauty of typography, it will not be exceeded by any magazine of its kind in the country.

The admirers of Miss Townsend will be pleased to learn that she will commence, in the January number, a new novel, entitled,

"WAIT AND SEE,"

To be continued through six or seven numbers of the Magazine. Those who have read her "LOOK OUT," need not be reminded of the pleasure that is in store for them.

TERMS.

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☞ Home Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, and Harper's Magazine, one year, $6.

☞ The January number of the Home Magazine will be ready *as a Specimen*, on the first of December. Let all who desire a good Magazine for 1859, be sure to see a copy before subscribing for any other periodical.

Address T. S. ARTHUR & CO., 323 Walnut St., Philada.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1859.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, THE NEWS, AGRICULTURE, &c.

G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ., MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, T. S. ARTHUR, &c.

The proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post would call the attention of the public to their long-established sheet, and especially to their BRILLIANT ARRANGEMENTS for the coming year. THE POST is peculiarly adapted to the wants of COUNTRY FAMILIES, as it contains weekly not only a large amount of the Best Literature, but the Latest News, Agricultural Essays and Information, Domestic Receipts, Accounts of the Markets, &c. &c. &c.

In its Literary Department measures have been taken to render the coming year one of Unusual Interest. Determined to obtain for THE POST the very best talent that could be procured, we have made arrangements with the distinguished author, G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., for the aid of his brilliant and fertile pen. We design opening the year with an Historical Novelet by this gifted author, to be entitled

THE CAVALIER,

BY G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.,

Author of "Richelieu," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c. &c.

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an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

In addition to "THE CAVALIER," we have already secured

THREE STORIES FROM MARY HOWITT;

a lady whose name and literary abilities are probably known wherever the English language is spoken.

We may further state that GRACE GREENWOOD, the popular American authoress, will contribute regularly to our columns. A Series of Articles from her brilliant and graceful pen has been arranged for, to be entitled

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS;

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In this Series, which will probably run through the whole year, our readers may anticipate a literary treat of no common character.

A NOVELET, BY T. S. ARTHUR;

Our readers' and the public's old and approved friend has also been engaged to add to the treasures of the New Year. Our admirable weekly

LETTERS FROM PARIS,

which have been so well received by our readers, will also be continued.

In addition to the names of G. P. R. JAMES, MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, and T. S. ARTHUR, we may mention MRS. M. A. DENISON, MISS EMMA ALICE BROWNE, "FLORENCE PERCY," MISS MARTHA RUSSELL, and the Author of "*MY LAST CRUISE*," as among the *regular* contributors to THE POST. The productions of many other writers, of course, will at intervals grace and adorn our columns; and

CHOICE SELECTIONS

of all kinds, from the BEST FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SOURCES, shall continue to be, as heretofore, a leading feature of our paper. The Stories, Essays, Sketches, Agricultural and Scientific Facts, &c. &c., obtained in this way for the readers of THE POST, are among the most instructive as well as interesting portion of its contents. THE VERY CREAM of the PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE BRITISH ISLES being thus given to our readers.

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